# A MEMOIR.

"RIGHT DEAR IN THE SIGHT OF THE LORD IS THE DEATH OF HIS SAINTS."—PSALM CXVI.

# MEMOIR OF MRS. JOHN WEST

WHO DIED AT CHETTLE, DORSET,
MARCH 23, 1839.

BY JOHN WEST, A.M.
RECTOR OF CHETTLE AND FARNHAM, DORSET.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED.

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TO THE

LADY CHARLOTTE STURT,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES,

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, AS A TESTIMONY

OF THE

BEREAVED FAMILY'S GRATITUDE,

FOR THE

CHRISTIAN ESTEEM, SINCERE FRIENDSHIP, AND AFFECTIONATE

KINDNESS SHOWN TO THE DECEASED.

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# PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The following Memoir is drawn up principally from the original papers and letters of the deceased; and it will be found, it is believed, to pourtray the character of no common Christian, and a mind of no common order.

It is hoped, that the first letters written to a part of her family, will not be found uninteresting to the general reader. They would not, however, have been given to the public, but in the expectation that they might be read in families, where under like circumstances young persons are leaving their parental roof, for the completion of their education. They shew the tender anxiety and affectionate watchfulness of a mother's care in bringing up, and directing her children in the way to obtain their *best* happiness; but the letters will speak for themselves, and the reader will find in them an affectionate correspondence, recording the joys and sorrows of a feeling heart.

It will be seen, that her character was formed under the influential principles of the Gospel of Christ; that she

manifested those principles in the most attractive form of genuine Christianity, throughout much suffering affliction; that she was a bright example of the Christian faith; and that amidst many trials in the loss of six children, whom she most affectionately loved, she was habitually, and in no ordinary degree, a cheerful happy Christian, and departed this life with an assurance of hope in Jesus of a glorious immortality.

*Chettle Parsonage,*
*April* 20, 1840.

# PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE Author has been much gratified with the favourable reception the First Edition of this work has met with from the Public; and in publishing another Edition, he has sought to make the volume more interesting and valuable, by some additional letters and poetry. Among the very many testimonies in favour of the Memoir, a highly-esteemed minister writes—"I am thankful indeed that the Memoir has been published; I would not be without it, nor have the Church without it on any consideration. It is edifying and consoling to the highest degree. God grant, of his infinite mercy, and for the Lord Jesu's sake, that we may be enabled, when our hour comes, to triumph over the last sickness, and the last enemy, in the same way that the dear subject of the Memoir did, and by the same power."

*Chettle, Nov.* 1, 1841.

# MEMOIR.

The greatly esteemed and lamented subject of this Memoir, was the daughter of the Reverend Christopher Atkinson, M. A. formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, from whence he was elected Fellow and Tutor of Trinity Hall, in the same university.

On his marriage in the year 1785, with Miss Leycester, daughter of Sir Peter Byrne Leycester, Bart. of Tabley House, Cheshire, and sister of Sir John Fleming Leycester, Bart., the late Lord De Tabley, he took the curacy of Bolton-Percy in Yorkshire; having been previously presented by the Master and Fellows of Trinity Hall, to the Living of Wethersfield, in the county of Essex, where he became resident in the year 1792.

In the spring of 1795, he died there of typhus fever, supposed to have been taken when visiting one of his parishioners: leaving a young family of six children, two sons and four daughters.

Harriet, the second daughter, was born at Bolton-Percy, on the 22nd of March, 1789, and married the writer of this Memoir, in the year 1807, twelve years after her father's decease.

In giving this usual detail of birth and parentage, I may mention that her father, when resident in Cambridge, and Incumbent of good old Bishop Latimer's church, St. Edward's, was the means of fostering the early religious sentiments of Mr. Simeon, then an undergraduate of King's College, who was seen standing in the aisle on each returning sabbath, as his devout and attentive hearer; and this faithful servant of God began his faithful preaching of the gospel of Christ, under which so many have risen up and called him blessed, as Mr. Atkinson's assistant in good old Latimer's pulpit.

Mr. Simeon says, (in one of his posthumous papers, kindly afforded to the author,) "the way in which I became acquainted with Mr. Atkinson was this. I had endeavoured to find out some minister who preached those truths which I loved and delighted in; and I attended at St. Mary's for a long time to but little purpose. At last I heard Mr. A. at St. Edward's, and he came nearer to the truth than any one else that I could hear. I therefore, from the time that I became a Fellow of King's, attended regularly at his church. Being the only gownsman that attended there, I rather wondered he did not take any

notice of me. I thought that, if I were a minister and saw a young gownsman attending as regularly and devoutly as I did, I should invite him to come and see me; and I determined if he should do so, I would avail myself of the opportunity to get acquainted with him. At last he did invite me to come and drink tea with him, and invited Mr. D. an artist, to come and meet me. The conversation did not take an useful turn, for Mr. D. was not what I should call a religious man, and we parted without any profitable communication of our sentiments. In a few days I invited Mr. A. to come and sup with me, and asked Mr. D. to meet him. It happened that he could not come, so that Mr. Atkinson and I were *téte a téte*. I soon dropped some expressions, which conveyed the idea of my feeling myself a poor guilty, helpless sinner; and Mr. A. was quite surprised; for he had set it down as a matter of course, that I must be a staunch pharisee. He had even, for the whole space of time that I had been at college, noticed my solemn and reverent behaviour at St. Mary's, and had concluded, as three of his pious friends had also done, that I was actuated by a proud pharisaical spirit; when therefore he found that I was of a very different complexion, he manifested an union of heart with me, and introduced me the very next day to an excellent man, Mr. John Venn. Here

I found a man after my own heart, a man for whom I have retained the most unfeigned love to his last moments, and of whom I shall ever retain the most affectionate remembrance; he, the Rev. J. Venn, soon took me over to Yelling, and introduced me to a man of no ordinary character,—his own dear and honoured father, Oh! what an acquisition was this! In this aged minister I found a father, an instructor, and a most bright example; and I shall have reason to adore my God to all eternity for the benefit of his acquaintance. This blessed man had often heard his son speak of the singular gownsman of King's College, and had advised him to get acquainted with him: but God, no doubt for wise and gracious reasons, had kept far from me all spiritual acquaintance, by which means he made it to appear the more clearly, that his work in me was "not of man, or by man, but of God alone." Being now acquainted with Mr. Atkinson, I undertook the care of his church during the long vacation, and I have reason to hope some good was done there. In the space of a month or six weeks, the church became quite crowded; the Lord's table was attended by three times the usual number of communicants, and a wind and a stir was among the dry bones." These circumstances, however, seem to have been a source of annoyance to the parish clerk, who (as Mr. Simeon used to relate the anec-

dote with much glee) greeted Mr. Atkinson on his return, saying, "Oh, Sir, how glad we be to see you back again; for *now* there will be room for the people to sit down; for since you have been gone, Sir, there has been no room scarcely to sit or stand in the church."

There is no doubt an efficacy in the prayer of parents, who supplicate the throne of grace with deep interest for the spiritual welfare of their children, which sooner or later will be realized. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." They may meet with many discouraging circumstances in the education of their children, and trials may occur that may make the heart of the righteous sad for a season, yet the promises to those who "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," are most encouraging. "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." Isa. xliv. 3. "The promise is unto you, and to your children." Acts xi. 39.

The subject of these pages was a child of many prayers, and losing an affectionate father in early life, the care of her education naturally devolved upon her mother, who possessed a strong and highly accomplished mind, and felt and taught the great importance of a sound scriptural education. It is due to her memory to mention, that she might have introduced her children, through her

high family connections, (and was often solicited to do so, by her brother, then Sir John Leycester, who was at that time living in the leading circles of fashionable life,) into a much promising world. She knew, however, its vortex of delusion, and was anxious that they should not place their youthful confidence in it for happiness; and often in the family, and by the way, she would point out to them, that however attractive in its appearance, and fascinating in its distinctions and gaiety of pleasure, the world was only calculated to disappoint the expectations of its most ardent admirers, while it mocked the simplicity of inexperienced and unsuspecting youth.

With these just and correct views, she sought an education for her children, that would lead them to a source of happiness beyond what the world could afford. The accomplishments of life were not neglected; but they were only attended to with a view to usefulness of character, under the full conviction of mind that they were but temporary; while one maxim of moral wisdom,—'one sound religious principle, *received*, and brought forth into practice, goes forth and travels with us into eternity.'

Harriet was ever beloved in the family for her warm affectionate disposition, and varied intellectual powers, and grew up all that an affectionate parent could wish. There was a mildness and

gentleness of manner, a native elegance of mind, with a simplicity and meekness of character, which won upon almost all with whom she conversed, and which has embalmed her memory in the remembrance of many friends, who in after life enjoyed her friendship, and esteemed her very highly as a bright example in the Christian faith.

It seems that her mind was very early impressed, through the domestic education which she received, with the importance of divine truth; and that from youth up, she was led to see the evil of sin, and become afraid of offending God; while she had a child-like dependence on his promised pardon and acceptance through the redeeming love of Christ. This appears from a memorandum found among her papers, which she made upon reading (during her last illness) a book which for the most part she greatly admired. "Erskine on the Freeness of the Gospel," which gives a very interesting account of the conversion of a young man who died at St. Helena, stating that "his faith appeared to have no mixture of imperfection in it, for he simply and sincerely took for granted all that God said in his word." "This, she noted, is *my* case; I have never doubted the love of God to me, from the time I was first led in early life to seek him, and trust in his promised salvation."

As a mother, she was wholly devoted to the education and welfare of her children; and amidst

the numerous duties of the household, always found time for their daily instruction, as they successively claimed her attention. Her ability to communicate knowledge in an affectionate manner to children was remarkable; and (let it not be thought that I am merely writing a panegyric on her character,) by her unwearied, most self-denying and tender care, she succeeded in gaining that hold on the affections of her family which gave her the greatest power, as the means of fixing in their hearts those religious principles which were nearest her own. And in training up her children in the way in which they should go, she ever cherished the hope that they would be found steadily pursuing the path of truth, and that hereafter she should hail them before the throne of Him who has given one of the most encouraging promises in the Bible to young persons;—"Those that seek me early shall find me." Prov. viii. 17. And who, when he was upon the earth, said with tender regard to children of the earliest age, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Mark x. 14.

John Rowland, the eldest, was a much treasured child from his infancy, and from the earliest dawn of reason, one of fondly-cherished expectations. Her strong parental affection, however, did not lead her to overlook the human heart, as *the seat*

of those little passions which were apparent in the infant at the breast. She combated them with the most affectionate playfulness and tenderness, and began to instruct him almost as soon as he could speak; nor was she disappointed in her fondly-cherished hopes as to his future character. She lived to see him attain the distinction of fourth wrangler in the university of Cambridge, afterwards elected Fellow of Clare Hall, and presented by the Master and Fellows of that society to the living of Wrawby-cum-Brigg, in the county of Lincoln: but the mother's pleasure was most of all seen, when with tears of gratitude she heard him preach, as the faithful minister of Christ.

The following letters will show with what affectionate solicitude she watched over his rising years, on his first leaving home for school, and during the period of his residence at Trinity College, Cambridge.

## LETTER I.

My dear, dear John,

I shall not attempt to tell you what I feel at this separation, because it would only pain you; but I wish for you every hour, and every moment. Your constant attention to all my wishes, even from your infancy, has rendered you very, very

dear to me, and indeed, were I not fully persuaded that I should not be fulfilling my duty to you as a parent, by keeping you any longer at home, I never could have made up my mind to part with you: and now, my dearest boy, my only comfort night and morning is, in committing you altogether into the hands of *your* heavenly Father. May he abundantly bless you, and teach your young heart to love him. Oh, my dear child, never forget to pray earnestly night and morning for his blessing; pray for his Holy Spirit to teach you, and to guide you, and to keep you from sin. Try to remember all I have said to you about your behaviour to your master and to your schoolfellows; to the former be respectful and attentive, *never deceive him*, or let any thing induce you to say what is not *strictly true*. I think I need not say be diligent, for I feel sure that you will be so; to your schoolfellows, be kind and obliging, and never be persuaded to do any thing that you feel to be wrong; do not forget me and your dear father in your prayers.

Your truly affectionate Mother,

H. W.

*Aldershott, March*, 1822.

## LETTER II.

My dearest John,

I received your letter yesterday, and I bless God that you are well and comfortable. Do not be discouraged, my dear boy, at finding Homer difficult at first; if you remember, Xenophon puzzled you a good deal when you first began to read it, and how soon it became easy to you! so I doubt not it will be with Homer; only *apply to it* in good earnest, and difficulties will soon vanish. I never knew you apply to any thing yet with all the powers of your mind that you did not soon master; so take courage, my boy, have confidence in your own strength, I mean as to Latin and Greek, &c. aye, and writing English too—you fail in that more from being afraid of writing down what comes into your mind than any other cause. Throw away your lines too, it is a bad habit, depend upon it;—never mind if you do write all across the paper at first, I will excuse it. Do you never find any time for Hebrew? what Latin books are you reading? do you want any French books to construe—shall I send you a Telémaque? what do you do in your play-hours—walk out or play? a hundred more questions I could ask you, but only remember, that *any thing* and *every thing* from you will interest me: and so you need never

be at a loss for a subject to write about. Well, my dear boy, once more,—*God bless you.* If a mother's prayers can avail to bring down blessings on a child, you will be blessed; for mine are daily and fervently offered up for you, and that you may be kept from sin, and led to shun every evil way. Oh! that in your youth, you may have grace given you to turn to God *with all your heart.* Always accustom yourself to think of me as your best and dearest friend, with your dear father, and believe me,

Your ever affectionate mother,

H. W.

*Aldershott, April,* 1822.

## LETTER III.

My very dear John,

You are this day so much in my thoughts that I must write to you, as I cannot see you. Your letters give me unmixed pleasure.—I have no greater joy than to see my children growing up in the fear of the Lord; and you, my *first-born son,* the child of my fondest hopes, of my earliest solicitude, 'twas you who first awakened a mother's love in my heart, and while that heart continues to beat, you will possess a very large share of all its hopes; and not till the last sigh, shall I cease

to pray for you. Yes, my beloved boy, most earnestly indeed do both your father and myself unite with you in your prayers at a throne of grace.

This day you complete your nineteenth year; this day, a new year opens to you, and it is to you an important period of your life. How thankful am I to find you expressing yourself as aware of this, and also of your own weakness without the assistance of the Spirit of God. It is only in *feeling* our weakness that we are safe, for then we are led to flee to the Rock which is higher than us, uttering the petition of the Psalmist, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." This is a prayer which we need use daily; while I rejoice over you, my dear John, as a child of God, one whom I trust God the Spirit *has sealed to the day of redemption;* one in whom, I do trust, the work of grace *is begun*, and in whom, *it shall go on* till grace is perfected in glory; let me intreat you now, at the commencement of what to you is a new year, to enter by prayer into an engagement as it were with God, to devote yourself to him, in *body, soul, and spirit;* plead his promises—"*Those that seek me early shall find me*," &c. Though you know yourself to be unworthy of the least of all his mercies, yet plead with him for Jesus Christ's sake, that he will receive you as his own ransomed, adopted, beloved child, and enable you to love and serve him truly all the days of your life. You will

indeed find this kind of surrender of yourself to God very delightful, and it will be a great means of strengthening you in every good feeling, and in every good word and work. One thing I particularly beg—but perhaps you do already make a practice of it—You rise very early, let your first and freshest moments be devoted to God, begin the day with *reading a portion of his word*, if only a part of a chapter, you will find it good and profitable to you. Do this, and then pray, before you leave your room. You will feel the impression go with you through the day,—and try to persuade Mr. H. to do the same. Has he got a Bible? if not, make him a present of one.

I am quite satisfied with what you tell me of the progress you have made in your studies this month; indeed I think it a great point gained; the discovery which you have made yourself, of the *necessity* of a *critical knowledge* of Latin and Greek. You will now gain ground *solidly* in your studies; do not try to do *too much*, but what you do, *do thoroughly*. If you try too much, you will remember nothing, and confuse yourself. My dear child, may the blessing of God rest upon you in all its fulness, in all its richness. Oh! if a mother's prayers avail, if a mother's blessing avails, you have them both in their fullest extent,—my blessing and your dear father's blessing rest upon you wherever you are; what more can I say? if you

are Christ's, and Christ is your's, my most anxious wishes are satisfied,—*all* is your's, and all in *time*, and *eternity* shall be well with you.

Believe me,
Your truly affectionate mother,
H. W.

*July* 30, 1827.

## LETTER IV.

My dear John,

You cannot tell how glad we all were to hear of your safe arrival at Cambridge; and I cannot but feel thankful, that so far, every thing seems to have been ordered for you by an over-ruling providence according to my wishes:—and now may God so *strengthen you*, by his Spirit, that you may be enabled to hold fast your profession; and to persevere in the path of righteousness, for his name's sake,—for your own soul's sake, and may I not add for your parents' sake, whose prayers ascend daily to a throne of grace in your behalf, and who are now waiting with much interest to see in you the fulfilment of their fondest hopes. Write to me very soon, and tell me how you like a college life. We laughed heartily at the account

which you gave of yourself as a Freshman, in going to chapel, with the arm left out of the surplice, &c. &c. I was pleased, and thankful, that you had courage to speak as you did to the person you mention; always do so, my dear boy, when occasion calls for it. It would be a good plan to invite the person so objecting to the preacher, and forming so hasty a judgment, to come with you and hear for himself, by which means you might be of use to him. Never let a morning pass without earnestly imploring the Divine assistance for that day especially, that you may be prepared for any unforeseen temptation;—and never be ashamed to confess Christ before men, that at the last day he may not be ashamed of you.

Tell C. firmly, though kindly, that unless he alters his mode of living, you cannot associate with him,—your own character would suffer, if you are seen with him; this must not be,—your dear father is more anxious about you, than he is wont to be; he knows so well the temptations and snares to which you may be exposed. May God in his mercy and love watch over you, strengthen and preserve you every day, and each moment of the day. I have written and enclosed a letter to Mr. Simeon, which I wish you to call with yourself. He will be kind, and enter into conversation with you: be *very fearless* and *open with him;* it is the way to gain his friendship,

which may be of great value to you.—Ever believe me in life, or in death.

Your truly affectionate mother,

H. W.

*Chettle, October* 20th, 1827.

## LETTER V.

My beloved and very dear son,

I have thought more of you than usual, since the reception of your last, and have suffered some perplexity of mind respecting the *tendency* of your studies, and whether it can be right to persevere in reading for honours. I confess, however much I had lamented that the studies at Cambridge should be so exclusive of that one study which alone can be worthy of the whole energy of the mind; yet I had made up my mind, that seeing things were so, it was your path of duty to press forward in your literary pursuits, in order to fit yourself for any station in after life to which the providence of God might lead; or in which you might be most usefully employed for his glory. I see from your expressions in your last letters, that you are perplexed in your own mind in this matter. Why not speak of your perplexity to Mr. Simeon; I am quite sure he would rejoice in giving you his advice. This seems to

me however the straight-forward path for you, as far as I am capable of judging. You can hardly afford to act exactly as if you had an independency. Cecil used to say to his children, and it is your dear father's sentiment,—"Do *something*,—have a *profession*,—be *eminent* in it,—*make yourself independent*." But in saying this, remember I would never have you so pursue your classical and mathematical studies, as to lead you to forget God your Saviour. Your first thoughts should be His. Devote the early hour of the morning to Him, in reading your bible, or some portion of a sound religious book, and in prayer; this would give your mind a devotional feeling, and your studies would be pursued in a different frame of mind *through the day*. Then again, the last hour, or half hour at least, should be devoted to God; which would turn the course of your thoughts and feelings; and so take off the effects of your daily studies as you retired to rest. You should strive also, very often in the course of the day, to lift up your heart in short ejaculatory prayer, which perhaps as much as any thing keeps the heart right with God. Neither should you suffer your studies to injure your health. Neither *sit up too late*, this is decidedly bad: and be sure to take *regular exercise*. I know perfectly well it is easier to advise than to act,—but this I mean to say,—so far as you can pursue your studies,

*consistently* with what you owe to God, to your own soul, and to your bodily health, pursue them, *but no farther*. I quite agree with you that they must be a *secondary concern*. I have suffered much in my health for some months past; but have got through the severe winter pretty well. I cannot express what a longing desire I have to see you again. Oh my child, you can form no idea, how fondly my heart loves you,—may God bless you, ever more and more.

Your truly affectionate mother,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1828.

## LETTER VI.

My dearest John,

I do most sincerely thank you for your letter, it cheered my heart to hear the old clerk's trembling voice at the door, saying on his return from the post, 'a letter from Mr. John.' I thank you for *your kind affectionate solicitude* about my health, and for the information on *Geology*. I want the exact meaning, derivation, &c. of that word, it *interests* me much: and though perhaps I am rather sceptical, yet it so *interests* me that I want to know more. If the Isle of Wight *is really turned edgeways*, it is an object of great interest, and if the strata there are really perpen-

dicular, (I suppose it must be so) I should like to go and examine it myself. In the collection of fossils which we are making, there are some pieces that strike me particularly; they are flat, and covered over with the fibres like small roots of trees: what are they, and what are those little fossils like mushrooms? I should like to continue at Lyme through the winter, unless it be thought that the air of Devonshire is likely to be more beneficial to me. I certainly gain strength, but am far from well. I am so thankful that you continue well, and always thankful at your expressions of happiness. *A cheerful contented disposition*, is a gift of God which calls for constant thankfulness.

> "Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
> Which tastes those gifts with joy."

You are now, I think, getting on in your studies; though the very thought of seeing you, at all times cheers my heart, yet would I forego this happiness for your advantage. Is it not better for you to remain at Cambridge the vacation? I am so glad that you have Mr. Whewell as your tutor, and for his kind attention to you. Don't you go to him with your puzzles? *Was the pillar pulled down* upon the plan you had thought of? But there is a part of your letter which interested me most deeply. You express regret that your

convictions of sin are not strong. I am not at all surprised at this. In the care of your education, and from early habits, you have, through Divine mercy, been kept from gross sins; and it is probable that you will never feel those strong convictions of sin which some do. It is against the *sins of the heart* which you have continually to strive. The same seed of corruption is in all our hearts; and it is Sovereign Grace alone, which makes one to differ from another: and the more you are led to see the deep depravity of the human heart, and to feel that *all you think* and *all you do* is defiled with sin, being imperfect; and nevertheless to feel, and believe that these sins, all aggravated as they may be, are freely pardoned and washed away by the blood of Christ, never more to be remembered against you,—the more will that hardness over which you mourn, be subdued. Surely a sense *of sin forgiven* will melt the most obdurate heart; you sometimes fear also whether you have a new principle of action implanted in your heart:—my dear John, it is an unspeakable mercy to desire and wish to feel this new principle; be earnest therefore in prayer, and be assured, that he who has given you this desire, will likewise give you to know more and more of this new and living spring of action—and above all, a feeling sense of Christ's dying love, in pouring out his soul unto death, *even for you*, my dear, dear

son. I humbly trust that you are a child of God;—that the desire of your heart is to love him more supremely;—what then is the feeling that keeps you from his Table? You lament over the hardness of your heart;—where should you best get that hardness subdued, and melted into love, but at his table, while you partake of the outward signs of his body broken, and his blood shed *for you.* But I think I can judge of your feelings by my own in this matter; *self* here prevents your enjoying that holy ordinance as you would do, a kind of nervous feeling keeps you back; is it not so? *self* is at the bottom of this, but whatever it is, hesitate no longer, carry your burden to the foot of the cross. "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." "I will," was the gracious reply, "be thou clean." All we know of sin, and all we feel of self, shews us further, the need we have of the atonement of Christ. Oh plead with him who never refused a single plea for mercy. Plead his own promises, and may his Holy Spirit fill your whole soul with peace and joy. I am grieved at what you mention of H.—beware, my beloved son, as you value your immortal soul, of giving ear to *such questions*—it is questions like these, that draw away the youthful mind before it is aware. *If Christ be not God, the whole Bible is false,* see to what fearful conclusions such questions lead. May God keep you, my own dear child, from all danger;

both outwardly in your body, and inwardly in your soul, and may you grow in grace and in the knowledge of your God and Saviour, day by day. How I should like to be in a secret corner to witness your reception of your college-prize next week; mind you write me an exact account of the whole proceedings.

Yours in all affection.

H. W.

*Lyme*, 1828.

## LETTER VII.

My dear John,

Your letters I received yesterday, deeply affected me with joy,—nothing in this world can give me equal pleasure to that which arises in my heart, whenever I think of you as my child, whom God has redeemed for ever. Though it escaped me in my last, to wish you a happy new year, nevertheless, *you know* I did wish it for you over and over again, although I forgot to tell you so. It is a most profitable way of spending the closing evening of the year, in calling to mind the events which have taken place, as that year has speeded its way into forgetfulness; in endeavouring to trace out our own principles of action during the by-gone days—in looking narrowly into our own hearts, and examining strictly into our motives—our feel-

ings—our views—what have our pleasures arisen from—what our disappointments—what end have we proposed to ourselves as the one object of pursuit: in short, to whom,—for what have we lived?—We cannot go through such an examination, without *deeply perceiving*, that in ourselves we are indeed "poor, blind, and naked."—Can we recal one single hour, and say, this hour at least was devoted wholly, without one wandering thought, to God? Oh no!—then where does this lead us? To the *foot of the cross*. There only we are safe, and there, my dear, dear child, *there, we are safe*. O for the Holy Spirit's sense of sin! the *Spirit's* sight of Christ! the *Spirit's* work of obedience. That something within you, which tells you nothing is worth your real concern but an interest in the atonement of Jesus Christ, is the voice of conscience, enlightened and taught by God's Holy Spirit. You feel that you would not give up your hope in Christ for all the world, or for what ten thousand worlds could offer. Oh, my dear John, who has given you this feeling? Cast not away your confidence, which has great recompense of reward. Encourage yourself to believe that God loves you, that you are his own ransomed, pardoned, accepted child, accepted in Christ Jesus: and what does this lead to? "Ye are bought with a price, *therefore* glorify God in your bodies, and in your spirits, which are His. *Having these*

*promises,*" let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." I rejoice with you, and for you, whenever I think of God's mercy to you, the child of my dearest hopes. He is tenderly leading you to himself, shewing you what the natural heart is, in its uncleanness and guilt, giving you to see the beauty of holiness, and to feel a longing desire after it, and at the same time strengthening you, whereby you are enabled to resist sin. The Christian life is a warfare, which I know, can only end with our lives, yet I am convinced that it is possible to attain to a *much greater degree of holiness* than that which is generally seen in Christians. Oh then *press forward.* Pray earnestly, not only for forgiveness of sin, but for deliverance from its power. There is a present salvation, as well as a future salvation. The one is a pledge, the earnest of the other. Seek with self-denying singleness of heart to devote yourself to God. Oh, the world on which you are just entering has deceived the hearts of multitudes, it is full of temptations, full of snares, full of vanity, and you have to contend with a heart, every emotion of which *naturally* pleads in favour of the world, although we know it is at enmity with God. What is before you I cannot foresee. Through many and many a year, it *has been* my joy, my privilege, to guide you—to counsel you, to watch over you, and to prevent

your every wish. *Now*, I must commit you to God, and it is my joy, my solace to *believe*, that he is watching over you and will guide your every step through life; and that we shall through infinite grace, spend a joyful eternity together, in the presence of him, who, having redeemed us to God by his blood, sitteth upon the throne for ever and ever.

Disappointments you must expect to meet with —disappointments in friendship too—which are the most painful of any. Should you at any time meet D. be kind, but at the same time, I should not attempt to conceal that his conduct had grieved me. There is a consciousness of our own worth, as it regards others, *very different from pride*, and which is quite consistent with the deepest self-abasement in the sight of God. Let no one despise thy youth; be just to thyself; above all things, strive to walk with God in holy communion; then you will go on your way, with quiet confidence and joy, and these kind of disappointments will but lightly affect you.

Your very affectionate mother,

H. W.

*Exeter, January*, 1829.

## LETTER VIII.

My very dear John,

I am thankful to say that I have returned to Chettle with improved health. I was delighted to find from your letter, that you have been elected a scholar of Trinity college, and that you are getting on so well with your mathematics. I trust you are not so studying as to hurt your health; always remember your promise to me on that head. What abundant causes for thankfulness and joy, upon the retrospect of your few past years of life—you are spared, when brothers and sisters have been called away; your mental powers all preserved to you in full vigour, and I trust your mind rightly biassed, and your best affections fixed upon God your Saviour. Oh! there is *no earthly joy*, not one feeling of pleasure upon earth, for one moment to be compared to that one feeling of *quiet peace* arising from the well-grounded assurance that God is our reconciled Father in Jesus Christ. While others are spending much time in differing about *modes of expression* (for after all it comes to this merely), such a soul, *feeling* that his sins *are* pardoned, will throw himself at the foot of the cross, and there day by day, will gain strength to fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold of eternal life. I do not at all object to your conclusion of the

whole matter, in writing on the subject of the corruption of human nature, you say, "the course of *man's desires and affections* is turned aside into a wrong channel, and has no tendency to turn into the right one, but rather to go *further and further from it.*" I do not wish for any thing stronger or more explicit;—as Erskine says, man has lost his gravitation;—but I must copy a paragraph from him that delights me—"The centripetal force constitutes an element in every line which the planet moves in its orbit. Were the influence of this force to be suspended, we should not think of reckoning the number of aberrations which the planet might make in its ungoverned career, we should say that its whole manner of being, severed from the solar influence, was a continued and radical aberration. In like manner, the soul ought to feel the love of God as a governing element along the whole course of its existence, every movement of thought, feeling, and desire, ought to contain it, as an essential part of its nature. And when this principle is wanting, we need not count the moral aberrations which the spirit makes; its whole existence is an aberration, it is an outlaw from the spiritual system of the universe, it has lost its gravitation." I have never read Butler, but it seems to me, that all he says does not in the least contradict the scriptural doctrine, that man has *entirely* lost the image of God in his soul. He

has a quick perception of right and wrong—his judgment is good, and therefore he has more to answer for; he is quick enough in condemning the very sin in another, which he allows perhaps in his own bosom; and this is why general disapprobation is expressed, and even felt, at wicked conduct, and laws are made if possible to restrain it; there certainly seems some good feeling left in the soul towards his fellow men; but how far this is, or is not, the effect of education, I am not prepared to say. I have never been in the habit of thinking closely on these subjects; as Erskine says again, "the difficulties in the theological system have never disquieted me. The object of my contemplation has not been so much a theological system, as the Great Being whose nature and relation to us form the theme of theology." My delight is in the contemplation of his love to a fallen world; this is a theme which never wearies me, and the more I look into it, the more I am lost in wonder and joy; so I think we will dwell no longer on poor fallen human nature, for I long to dwell on something more cheering; something, the consideration of which shall raise our earthly feelings from ruin, and desolation, and woe, to renovation and holiness, and joy. I quite like your remarks on Moore, always freely express what you think with regard to any thing I say.

Ever your affectionate mother. H. W.

*Chettle*, 1830.

## LETTER IX.

My dearest John,

Most welcome was the sight of your own handwriting last Tuesday morning, I cannot tell you with what deep feelings of interest I read your letter. I went with you in imagination back to Cambridge, and was pleased to find that two of your pupils had got their scholarships. I saw all smiling around you in prospect, your own character esteemed and respected, and every thing yet obtained that you have wished for, and yet what is the feeling?—my dearly-loved child, it is what I have felt again and again, and for ever; it is not *discontent*, it is indeed a restless dissatisfaction with *every thing this world can give;* it says just this, *Nothing short of God can satisfy an immortal soul;* it matters not where we are, the world may smile upon us or not; the country around us may be Pinney Cliffs, or Chettle Downs, or dull ugly Cambridgeshire, it matters not,—where God is, *there is peace, there* is a satisfied feeling,—without him, all is dark, and vain, and wild. *God dwelling in the soul* (think of that expression) by his Holy Spirit, this, and this alone can overpower and set at rest for ever all those feelings, those ten thousand thousand feelings which, the more refinement of mind you possess, the more you will be subject to; and this must have been our

Saviour's meaning when he said to that poor woman of Samaria, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." I remember meeting in some poet with this expression, '*a well-spring of deep gladness.*' I know not where, it seems the only expression that lives in my memory; but I often apply it in my own mind to the habitual feeling of the soul when at peace with God, and conscious, if I may venture to say so, *of the presence of an indwelling God.* It was this feeling which one morning drew from me the following lines.

Jesu, thy love alone can bless
My spirit in this wilderness,
Thy love alone breathed o'er my soul
Can fear dispel or sin control.

A consciousness that I am thine,
And, O my God! that thou art mine;
This, this alone seems Heaven to me,
For what is heaven, but being with thee.

Oh could this joy so bright and pure,
Could it in this cold world endure;
The spirit resting in thy love,
No other joy would care to prove,
Her heaven on earth, her heaven above.

But, dearest John, you must check these feelings of dissatisfaction, because their tendency is to destroy present usefulness—they are good as far as to shew us, that *here is not our rest*, but the

moment they produce inactivity, they are bad. I am ashamed to say, that hours of my life have been given up to vainly regretting the past, or uselessly anticipating the future, so the *poor present* has been forgotten—its mercies and its requirements unheeded. To be useful in our day and generation is the great thing,—to serve God with fidelity in that station of life, in which he is pleased to appoint our daily lot, and *leave caring* so much about any place, satisfied that He will appoint the bounds of our habitation—and habitually looking forward, far, far beyond the boundaries of our sensible horizon, to those glorious regions, those brighter worlds, where "our Hermit Spirits" shall no more dwell alone, but where one strong feeling of love shall bind us each to the other for ever. Remember, you are where the Providence of God seems to have marked out your path at present. You are usefully employed, and I believe God has blessed, and will bless you. Cherish a thankful state of feeling. I know you do this. The Psalmist says—"It is a good thing to give thanks, yea, a joyful and a pleasant thing it is to be thankful." Let us praise God together for all that is past, and trust him for all that is yet to come. I love to receive every blessing at the hand of God, as an earnest of blessings yet to come. We honour him, when we trust him entirely, and confidently and affectionately;—and when did any one

so trust him, and find themselves disappointed:—and now I find I am coming to a conclusion, without having touched upon the subjects I intended. I think we are quite agreed on this point. My idea is this, that there is that subtle poison introduced into the soul by the fall of man, that without a strong restraining power, he would become as vile as any devil in hell; the image of God *is destroyed,* he is not yet a devil; true, there is some appearance of the work of God left, but *the likeness of God is gone.* It is the work of the Holy Spirit to restore in some degree that likeness during this life in the souls of the children of God, but his work will not be complete till the resurrection morning; *then* we shall be satisfied, for we shall awake up in His likeness. I will write again soon, as your affection leads you to love to hear from a mother, who can with truth say, that she longs for the salvation of your soul, as for her own. May God grant your own desire, and enable you "to love and serve him before all else"—it shall be to your happiness through life, and glory for ever.

The starch hyacinth which you brought me in affectionate attention, still holds up its head in the middle of the little basket of flowers before me in the drawing-room. All send their love, with

Your affectionate Mother always,

*Chettle,* 1830. H. W.

The following letters which were written to her eldest daughter, on her leaving home for a twelvemonth, that she might derive those advantages which she could not meet with in a domestic education, shew an equally affectionate concern for the formation of a truly Christian character.

And while her letters are distinguished for talent and piety, her poetry will be read, as compositions of a fine imagination, and deep pathos.

## LETTER I.

My dearest Harriett,

I was very pleased to find that you had arrived safe at Notting Hill, where I am persuaded you will meet with every kind attention, and where I hope you are beginning to feel at home and settled. I am sure, you will apply all the energies of your mind to your studies, and I trust God will preserve you in health, and bless you in all your exertions. Ever bear in mind, my dear child, that without His blessing nothing is worth having, but with it, all knowledge is good, and may be consecrated to his service. The world is a weary wilderness, without the saving knowledge of God in Christ Jesus, disappointing our fondest hopes—bearing the stamp of vanity and vexation of spirit upon its best enjoyments: *with* God, however,

there is "many a sunny hour" and many a bright green spot even in this wilderness, and many a pure pleasure, and many a real joy, while every blessing shall be doubly sweet, as coming from a Father's hand.

It is true, my dear Harriett, though young, you have known what sorrow is, and wept with me some bitter tears, in the loss which we have sustained in the death of your dear sisters who were entwined about my heart, in the bonds of the closest and tenderest earthly affection. I do not wish you to forget it, but Oh! may it be blessed of God to your soul. There is *that* in sorrow, such as you have so lately passed through, which is well calculated to chasten and subdue every feeling of the soul; I miss you every hour, I knew it would be so—but for your sake I am content,—I console myself by remembering that it is not for long, and that you will return to me more of a comfort than ever. I have had a large share of sorrow, but I have also had a large share of joy in my dear children; and the greatest joy I can now know on earth, will be to see those dear children, who are yet spared to me—"walking in the truth;" may God himself keep you and guide you. I hope you remember *habitually* to look to him for a blessing on all you do, and think sometimes of all I used to say to you; The happiness of my children is the first wish of my heart—to

*see* them happy is my delight; but if I cannot see it, then to hear that they are so makes me happy: but my solicitudes do not stop here—are not bounded for them by any *earthly horizon*—my earnest prayers go up day by day to the throne of God, more especially now that you are absent from me, my child. I assure you, I can scarcely mention your name before Jehovah's throne without tears; yes, they mingle with my prayers for you; and Oh! I trust that, sprinkled with my Saviour's blood, they shall ascend, and find acceptance before that *rainbow-encircled throne;* and that you, my child, shall be saved with an everlasting salvation.

Do not be too hasty in forming friendships, often *recollect* yourself—spend no time in frivolous conversations—such as have not the fear of God before their eyes, from such turn away, unless you can be of service to them. May God bless you, my dear child.

Ever your most affectionate mother,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1832.

## LETTER II.

My dearly loved Child,

Your letters give me pleasure; I am glad your time seems so well employed: for though it would

not do to spend your *life* in this way, yet at present it is your duty. I trust you daily bear in mind our Lord's kind admonition,—"*One thing is needful.*" The world, with all its cares, and pleasures, and vanities, and joys, and sorrows, and sins, is quickly passing away—nothing will appear to you of any *real moment* by and by, but to have a well assured hope of an interest in that Saviour who gave himself for us ;—my dear child, may you indeed be his in that day when he shall make up his jewels.

Thank you for your kind affectionate wishes for me—much of the happiness of my future years will depend upon you. I rejoice that you are improving yourself in those accomplishments of which you are so fond—all I fear, is, my loved child, lest these things should have an *undue hold* of your affections—they are very ensnaring ; the more so, because there is *no harm* in them, nothing but what is pleasing and delightful—therefore they are yielded to without fear, and *therefore* are they more to be guarded against, because they certainly do injure the spirituality of the mind—their very *elegance* draws the heart from God, because it gives a certain sort of worldliness, and a softness which indisposes for the most serious duties of religion. To prevent this, make a point of reading your Bible every day with prayer, and also some other book which may tend to solemnize

your mind, and make your heart serious and thoughtful. Oh, my child, often call to mind for *what end you live*, for *what world* you are preparing. Remember, that religion is not the feeling now and then earnest wishes for heaven—it is *a new manner of being*—it is having the heart right with God. If you ask me how you shall attain more spirituality of mind, I can only tell you—by *earnest prayer*—it is the gift of God. Oh! if we did but *believe*, we should joyfully let go all the pleasures of this poor fallen world, and seek in earnest those better joys, which are surely reserved for all those who love their Saviour; may we meet at last around his throne, and sing his praises together there—*then* we shall know what *redeeming love* means. May he ever bless you, my ever dear Harriett,

Your ever affectionate Mother,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1832.

## LETTER III.

My dearest Child,

How thankful I have been to hear such good accounts of you, and you can guess how rejoiced I was to see your hand-writing again after your illness. Do not for a single moment let it distress you, that in your present state of health, you are

*losing time.* Remember this has not come to you by *chance.* I humbly trust that God has given you grace to love him, and has implanted a filial fear of offending Him in your heart; then you may be *sure*, that every event of your life will be ordered for you, by a reconciled Father's hand, by a Father's love. Seek therefore by humble earnest prayer, to make the present time of incapacity for your studies, a time for the improvement of your soul—a leisure time, which *God has given* to gain a further knowledge of himself, a further knowledge of your own heart, a time in which to examine yourself, and see how you feel as regards eternity,—so that you will find in the end, that you are not *losing*, but *gaining.* Let us praise God together, for bringing you through your illness so tenderly; receive this, my child, as an earnest of mercies *yet to come*, and set out afresh in your Christian course. Think again and again *what* you are, and *whose* you are,—*what* are your motives, your principle of action: and may the Holy Spirit of God dwell richly in your heart, and bless you, in restoring you to good health, and in your soul's prosperity.

Are you not pleased with our summer prospects, when I trust, we shall be so happy all together? but Oh! my dear child, I almost tremble while I say so—and yet I do trust we may be permitted to realize the pleasure we are anticipating. We

are counting the days now to your return to our dear Parsonage for the Midsummer holidays. You express a wish for some of my poetry, I will send you some of my early compositions in verse.

Your truly affectionate Mother,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1832.

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I've wandered far, I've wandered long
O'er many a distant hill I've been,
I've strayed new fields and woods among,
And many a beauteous prospect seen ;
But no new scenes can pleasure yield
Or touch my heart like Weathersfield.*

I've seen the ever-flowing tide,
And rode upon the green sea wave ;
I've climbed the mountain's craggy side,
And seen the witches' darksome cave,
But prospects wild no joy can yield,
My heart is still at Weathersfield.

I rambled by a river's side,
My favourite flower† grew sweetly there,
I thought of days long past, and sighed,
Then plucked and twined them round my hair ;
A pensive joy these wild flowers yield,
They tell me of my Weathersfield.

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* The home of her childhood and youth.

† The large white Convolvulus.

And often have I fondly wished
That these loved flowers when I am dead,
Might sweetly twine around my grave,
And bind the turf where I am laid,
A transient joy the thought would yield,
Could that last home be Weathersfield.

## LETTER IV.

My dearest Harriett,

It was with real pleasure that I opened your letter, and found that all was well with you. I look back with delight to the few weeks you were with us, especially because you enjoyed them so much; but now you must so far forget them, as not to let the remembrance of them, though pleasing, interfere with your present pursuits; but give the whole energy of your mind to your different studies, so as to ensure yourself the satisfaction of feeling, when the year is past, that you have obtained all the advantage you possibly could. Well, I shall always look back to this summer as one of the *green spots*, which we meet with now and then in our journey through life, every one of which I desire to bless God for. You will receive this on *to-morrow, your birth-day; many, many* happy returns of the day, my child—your mother's blessings, your mother's wishes, your mother's

prayers, are all with you, and ten thousand blessings from both your parents rest upon you, my child. I hope you will enjoy the day in *your own mind*, at least; we shall think of you, and talk of you, and very often wish for you—may God bless and keep you, and enable you to resolve again in his strength, to devote yourself to him for ever. Be assured, that nothing short of this will ever render you happy; nothing short of an entire and unreserved surrender of the whole heart to God, your Saviour, will ever give peace, even in this life. May God enable you, by the powerful influences of his Holy Spirit, to feel this; and may he in infinite mercy and love, draw your affections from earth more and more, daily, and fix them upon himself—the only friend who *never* changes—the only arm that *never* fails to support—the *only bosom* on which you can *safely* lean—the only shelter in which you can take refuge from every storm—the only resting-place, the sole anchor of the soul when every thing earthly crumbles away from the hand that grasps it. My dearly-loved child, may I but see you safe in this *hiding-place —this ark*, I can desire for you nothing more. Safe in time, safe in eternity,—God being your portion of happiness for ever and ever.

Your most affectionate Mother,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1832.

Why should I for happiness pant,
In a world where it never was found?
Ah yes! there *once* bloomed such a plant
But too soon it was cut to the ground.

In Paradise sweetly it bloomed,
And I would it had bloomed there for ever,
But it withered away, when man sinned,
And on earth it can bloom again never.

Thorns and brambles now grow in its stead,
And though sometimes sweet roses appear,
Yet, ah! if we pluck them, we find
That a thorn will still closely adhere.

So it is with all pleasures below,
Tho' awhile they allure the young mind,
Yet those who have tried them *must* know
That a sting they will still leave behind.

Then if here are no pleasures for man
No unalloyed pleasures or rest,
Oh! why were such boundless desires
For happiness fixed in his breast?—

'Twas to lead him to pleasures on high
Where alone thornless roses can blow,
To joys which ne'er wither nor die,
But in endless succession shall flow.

'Twas to teach him to look to his God,
Who *alone* can impart lasting pleasure,
To believe in his Saviour and live,
And be happy *for ever* and *ever*.

## LETTER V.

My dearest Child,

Your letter which I received yesterday, I could not read without many tears. Oh! Harriett, what a sad, sad trial for the poor bereaved parents; how have they borne the loss of their dear child, snatched away so unexpectedly in the midst of blooming years, and fond anticipations in life. I do not wonder that you have been shocked; you must indeed have felt it very much; the very same fever, nearly a year ago, that broke through *our* most fondly-formed schemes of happiness. Poor dear girl! I weep for her, I weep for her afflicted parents; while at the same time, my heart cannot but acknowledge with gratitude, the mercy shown to me; *my* beloved child has been spared, and is in health; a few weeks since, and your dear companion was walking with you, and together you were talking of enjoyments, of hours of happiness yet to come, and now, one is taken and the other left. *It is a solemn thought.* Oh! try not to lose the seriousness of feeling which this sad event has been so calculated to produce; you are yet spared, we know not for how long, remember, my dear Harriett, you were devoted to God at your baptism, you renewed your covenant with him yourself, at your confirmation; Oh! throw

yourself now again at the footstool of his throne, and make a full surrender of your whole soul to him; petition him with your whole heart, that he will seal you *his* till the day of redemption.

The only thing that can give solid peace to the heart is a well-grounded hope of acceptance with God, through *Jesus Christ*—then, let what will happen, *all is well;* a full pardon is sealed in his blood to all who *feel* their sinfulness. May this full pardon be yours, my dear child—when you most feel that you are indeed helpless and poor, and in yourself utterly worthless and lost, then it is that you will feel *all* the comfort of that one thought—*Jesus has died,* and *I am safe.* Endeavour, habitually, to turn in your thoughts to Jesus Christ; think of him, as having *died* for *your* sins, *risen* for *your* justification, ascended to the right hand of God, and ever living to make intercession for *you;* try to *realize* in your mind the idea of a *living Saviour,* and often dwell, with delight, upon the thought of his coming again. Look forward to this, as to a *joyful certainty*—the glorious consummation of all your hopes and joys. So, my beloved child, may you go through life, leaning on the arm of your Saviour and your God; may he ever bless you.

Your very affectionate mother,

H. W.

*Chettle,* 1832.

Away from my children, my family and cares,
What now shall my moments employ ;
How shall I prevent my too-wandering heart
From reverting to scenes of past joy ?

In the groves or the woods if I wander alone,
Every tree tells a tale to my heart,
Of years that are past, and of days that are gone,
Of joys that for ever and ever are flown,
And I wept as I saw them depart.

Oh ye moments of young and of purest delight,
Why will you remembrance swell ?
Or rather why, ever in colours so bright,
With a touch so enchanting, a pencil so light,
Did you paint joys I never should feel ?

Ah Fancy ! how fondly I lent you my ear,
How fondly your dreams did I cherish ;
And I thought that your day-dreams of bliss were so fair,
And the castles you built, (although founded in air),
Too enchanting, too gilded, too exquisite were,
Thus early untimely to perish.

But those visions of youth are all vanished in air,
And those day-dreams of bliss are gone by ;
Yet false and delusive, and vain as they were,
Ideas so adored, so cherished, so dear,
Will cost the remembrance many a tear,
And the bosom full many a sigh.

But hush, my wild wandering heart, it is time
To bid Fancy's fond visions adieu ;
Thy morning of life is fast passing away,

And if disappointments have clouded thy day,
'Tis well, so they teach thee no longer to stray
Amid dreams which can never prove true.

It is well, so from earth thy affections they wean,
And teach thee to fix them in heaven ;
So they show thee, how wild and romantic have been
All the dreams of thy youth ! How embittered by sin,
The enjoyments of time, and how mingled with pain
Every pleasure the world could have given.

'Tis well, tho' at present dejected, depressed,
So they point thee to mansions above,
There, leaning for ever on Jesus's breast,
Thy cares and thy wishes all hushed into rest,
Thy sorrows forgotten, thy wanderings ceased,
Thy rest, thou shalt find in his love.

## LETTER VI.

Many thanks, my own dear child, for your affectionate and very welcome letter. I am pleased with all you tell me, and hope that you will feel all through life, the benefit you have received this one year. November, true, November is actually here, and brings with it its accustomed sadness to my heart and spirits. I think I could not live, but for the bright hope beyond the grave. Oh ! my child, may your days pass with fewer clouds than mine have done, if such be your Heavenly Father's will :

and yet, I ought not to write so, for mercies have, surely, mingled largely in my cup, and I ought to feel nothing but thankfulness. My spirits, however, suffer much at times from depression; the flowers in the drawing-room are withered; the piano silent. Oh! for that *better land,* where flowers never fade, where tears are never shed. I seem to hear that dear dear voice for ever. I constantly start when the door opens, looking unconsciously for that sweet fairy form; and Oh, *how* I long to feel the dear arms of my beloved Caroline once more clasped around my neck. But I will not grieve you by these sad thoughts; yet, I *could* say, may you never pass through any thing so *painful* as the heavy, heavy trial of last winter; but God knows what is best for us, and it is our duty to bear all these sorrows with a *cheerful resignation.*

I am looking forward, my dearest Harriett, to find, in the comfort of your society, and in your sweet affection, a balm which will soothe, and make me forget more the bitter trial which I endured. But it would be strange indeed, after suffering what I have suffered, not to feel at times a tinge of sadness thrown over every day of my future life, I do not wish it otherwise, *here* is not my home—

> ' But *thee,* my flower, whose breath was given
> By milder Genii o'er the deep,'—

why should not your young heart rejoice? Yes,

my child, and long may the sunbeam, and very long may the summer breeze cause a feeling of gladness to thrill through your soul. Oh, I felt it once; but, while still very young, many and many a bitter tear had taught me that earth's best joys were nothing worth; may you, dear Harriett, be so drawn by love to your heavenly Father, that you may never need the chastening I have had, to wean my heart from earth; but the work must be accomplished; you cannot enjoy the pleasures of the world, and yet possess a sure hope of the pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore; we *must* make our choice. I rejoice at the expressions in your last; I am thankful in the hope that God is teaching you, by his Holy Spirit, to feel *your need* of a Saviour; and oh! the joy to take refuge in his dying love,—no one can have an idea of it, until taught by the Holy Spirit to see and feel the spirituality of the requirements of the law of God, and how infinitely far we fall short of the least of them all. Oh *then* we *feel* what it is to have a surety: one, who has paid the vast debt; who, "his own self bare our sins, in his own body, on the tree," *then* "being justified by faith we have peace with God;" peace, from a sense of sins forgiven. My loved child, may this peace be yours, and you will feel how very far it exceeds every joy the world can give; not that true religion will take from you one atom of those pure pleasures which

you describe, Oh no, but double them all; the first violet of summer for you will have a more exquisite sweetness, the bright sunbeam, and the soft evening breeze, will occasion a yet gladder glow of feeling, while, with an overflowing heart, you can look up to your Father who dwells in heaven, and receive every blessing, as from his own hand. The *all* that lies before you, I know not, but this I know, only make him your portion, your refuge, your God; seek him as your Saviour, and all shall be well; and we shall meet in those mansions where no tear shall ever more be shed. And now, my child, adieu,

Ever your own dear mother,

H. W.

*Chettle, November*, 1832.

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The death of her daughter Caroline, a child of the fairest promise, but who was early called to bloom in a heavenly atmosphere, was still so vivid in her remembrance, that she wrote the following lines, three years after she had suffered the painful loss.

Forget thee, forget thee, my sweet Caroline,
No, *never*, oh *never*, for still thou art mine,
I still seem to see thee, I hear thy soft breath,
Oh! I loved thee in life, and I love thee in death.

Since the day that thou left me, my dearly loved child,
Three winters have chill'd me, three summers have smiled ;
But oh ! what are summers or winters to me,
Be it summer or winter, I'm sighing for thee.

Where art thou, where art thou, my Caroline dear?
Oh, speak to thy mother, oh, breathe in her ear ;
I know where thy earthly remains are at rest,
But tell me, Oh tell me thy spirit is blest.

I see thee ! I see thee ! not as thou wert here,
There is joy in thine eye, all undimmed by a tear,
It is beauty celestial, which shines on thy brow,
And glory eternal encircles thee now.

I see thee ! I see thee ! I hear thy soft voice,
Amidst sorrows and sufferings thou bidst me rejoice ;
For the stream of earth's sorrow is flowing away,
And soon shall be lost in the ocean of day.

Oh yes ! and thy mother, my Caroline then,
To her fond, aching bosom shall clasp thee again ;
And oh ! from that moment we part again never,
Death, which severed us once, shall unite us for ever.

## LETTERS TO MISS H——.

### LETTER I.

My dearly loved Friend,

I am this evening returned from town, and the first thing that cheered me on my return, was the

sight of your hand-writing, and truly your letter was most welcome. I desire to bless God for your friendship, because you are such a true and real friend; never have I known sorrow since I have loved you, but you have been the first to endeavour, in every way, to alleviate that sorrow.

Yes, my dear Jane, the child of my fondest hopes has indeed sailed to join his dear father on his mission to the Indians of the British Colonies, in North America. A letter has reached me, which has made me feel full of thankfulness to God; in finding that when he wrote they were passing the Isle of Thanet, that he enjoyed the sailing, and was longing to lose sight of land, promising himself much pleasure in viewing the wonders of the deep. I took him on board myself, and on leaving the ship, I told the captain that I could not but feel anxious about my boy, and expressed a hope, that he would take every care of him, until he gave him into his father's hands, in New-Brunswick; his reply pleased me—"I am a father myself, and can enter into all your feelings; *be assured*, that all that I can do for him shall be done; occurrences will sometimes take place, which *man* cannot prevent, but we have no reason to fear, but that all shall be well." I feel satisfied and thankful, and am so glad that you, my beloved friend, are in some measure reconciled to this step. You judge rightly, it has indeed been a matter of

earnest prayer, and I did not decide without the advice of our *ever kind*, and *much valued friend*, Mr. Budd; he fully approves of it. We think it will be of great service to the character of dear John, and make him altogether more likely to be a *useful* man, that is what I wish; I wish not for him to distinguish himself merely at college, but to prepare himself for active service in the vineyard of the Lord, *any part of it*, and whatever will most tend to draw out the powers of his mind, to teach him to act and to think for himself, will do him more good than three months of Latin and Greek, the time he is expected to be absent.

I wish I might hope to have you a little while at my cottage, where it is decided I shall remain till dear John and his father return from America. I would nurse you, and watch you in your illness, it would be such a pleasure to me,—your accounts of the last few days seem very encouraging; may it please God to restore you very speedily. Sickness, I always think is a very favourable time for growth in grace, or rather, the recovery from sickness; in the quiet repose of our own chamber, the heart can best ascend to God; and it is in these seasons also, that we most forcibly feel the utter *nothingness* of all created good. Oh! I think I daily feel more and more, how utterly impossible it is, that any thing short of *God himself* can satisfy the desires of a soul hungering and thirsting after righ-

teousness; and this too, I have been enabled to feel, that with a mind *resting upon God*, sorrows hardly make us sorrowful, because there is *joy in him*, which no earthly circumstances can deprive us of—a joy unspeakable and full of glory. I look around me and see all things changing; many of those whom I tenderly loved, gone to unseen worlds; life itself, rapidly passing away; and then I feel the vastness of a believer's privilege, as it is sweetly represented, "*going up from the wilderness leaning on her beloved.*" May the richest, choicest blessings of a covenant God, be yours in Christ Jesus, and believe me,

Your much attached friend,

H. W.

*Epsom*, 1826.

## LETTER II.

My dear and loved Friend,

You have been so much in my thoughts all to-day, that I must try to write to you to-night; every one is gone to rest, my little room is now quiet, and I sit down without fear of interruption; my thoughts are dwelling upon you, and upon that dear friend who has so lately taken her flight to a better world: her death has very sensibly touched me, it seems to bring heaven nearer to me, it seems

to say, *what is life?* how short—how uncertain—Oh! why should so large a portion of it be taken up with cares and anxieties, about what? It seems to say to me again and again—"Be ye also ready, let your loins be girt, and your lamp burning." Now the dear departed saint knows what heaven is, now she knows what is meant by *fulness of joy*, which we cannot conceive of. In idea I have followed her; I have wondered how her freed spirit would bear the first burst of glory, I have dwelt upon the thought till all the world has sunk into nothing, and I have longed to be there too.

I quite agree with you, that there is something very peculiar, and very delightful in the feeling which always accompanies the spring of the year; to me it is indescribably pleasing, it reminds me of the resurrection morning, and forcibly draws my thoughts to the glory which shall then be revealed. I quite rejoice with you at the loving-kindness of God, in choosing you out so sweet a spot as your present residence, where you can unite so much usefulness, with so much pure pleasure. Oh! how it sweetens every pleasure, to feel that our Heavenly Father has bestowed it upon us, and that it is only an *earnest* of what his love has prepared for us in a brighter, better world than this; Yes, my much-loved friend, it were indeed something, to *rest from our sorrows*, but I cannot think, that *rest alone* awaits our souls at death; I know

the idea is entertained by some; I found it in Gerard Noel's Sermons, but I do not think *it is Scriptural;* St. Paul surely never had the idea—the dying thief had no such idea—nor do I think, our Saviour's words, "*to-day, &c.*" imply any such idea; I know it may be said, one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, but I like to take the simplest, and most obvious meaning of the words of Scripture. With you, I often long for the time when we shall *know all.* I often think it will be *altogether different* from what the most enlightened among the sons of men have contemplated.

With regard to the other point you mention, a great change surely takes place in the heart: our views, our affections, our desires, our feelings, are all changed; but the change is *not perfected,* till nature's last expiring sigh breathes out the soul to God; I think we cannot aim too high. What does this mean? "Let us go on to perfection." Oh that the world had less hold of my thoughts and affections. Oh that I could find sin more entirely subdued within me. Oh that my whole soul rested more and more, day by day upon the Redeemer's faithfulness and truth, and desired no other joy; this indeed is the wish of my heart, but alas, day by day I have to complain of miserable nothingness, and short-comings, and misdoings, till wearied with looking at self, I can but

again and again throw myself at the foot of the Cross, and *there*, my trembling spirit finds sweet repose.

> Hide me in thine own perfections,
> Oh thou merciful High Priest;
> Let one ray of thine own brightness
> Round my trembling spirit rest.

And now dearest Jane, adieu; may God bless you wherever you are,—may He cause the light of his countenance to shine upon you, and give you much joy and peace, even until he shall bring you to "His presence, where there is fulness of joy, and to his right hand, where are pleasures for evermore."

Ever your attached friend,
H. W.

*Chettle*, 1828.

## LETTER III.

My dearly loved Friend,

The kind affectionate solicitude expressed in your last, deeply affected me: it affected me unto tears. How shall I sufficiently thank you, dearest Jane, for all your Christian sympathy and kindness to me. I have rather delayed answering your letter, because I have so much I long to be able to say, and have not since felt well enough, nor do I now.

Whether or no I shall go on to Torquay for the winter, my husband will decide. We fully expect that he will reach England about the beginning of November, on his return from his mission to the provinces of British North America, on behalf of the Bible Society. When he wrote last he was quite well, hastening homewards, praising and blessing God for the work entrusted to him, prospering beyond his most sanguine expectations; and in spite of anxious feeling, *trusting* that he shall find me quite recovered. God be praised for every mercy! yet, dearest Jane, I assure you, I feel that there is no certainty of recovery. I feel, however, that I am in the hands of a tender Father, and can truly say, that to commit myself *altogether into his hand,* as it is my highest privilege, so it is my daily, my hourly support, and, "Father, *not as I will but as thou wilt,*" is my daily prayer.

The first thing I said to myself when I read your letter, was, "Cease ye from man, for wherein is he to be accounted of." Oh it is a lesson very very hard to learn, but those who have learned it, *thoroughly learned it,* however painful has been the lesson, are the happiest people, *far the happiest.* Never, I believe, till we have been disappointed and "cut to the quick," in every earthly dependency, shall we learn to rise above the world, with all its joys and sorrows, and find

that peace, that sweet entire repose, which His love alone can give, who is the same "yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

I quite agree with you in your remarks about Mr. ——, I seem to fear that his change of circumstances will lead him more into *the world;* and the world, I have long thought, is the great thing which keeps Christians so far, so very far, from God. The world—(in a thousand shapes almost unsuspected by oneself,)—is a sad snare, and riches and pomp and splendour, easily steal away the heart from the love of Christ. Did you ever consider that passage much—"For the Prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me."

I often love to dwell upon the idea of your dear sister (gentle and timid as she was,) meeting death with that sweet composure and calm resignation, which you have mentioned. Now her latest tear is shed, her last sigh heard, and she sleeps in Jesus. Her pure spirit, now unclothed of its clay tenement, is rejoicing with joy unspeakable. Oh! if she remembers now the scene she has left, and if she can now behold her sorrowing children, can you not see *the look* of tender love with which she would bid them dry their tears and prepare to follow her to that world of glory. Dear Jane, there is the same Saviour *for me*, and I trust he has prayed even for me, that my faith fail not. Oh *it is* a consolation to have such a

Saviour to look to: my sin-burdened weary soul is at rest in him. He is to me "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," my strength, my refuge, my hiding-place, my sanctification, my redemption, my righteousness, my all in all,—wearied, dismayed, and trembling, I turn to him, and find *all I need*,—all for life or death; what more need I wish for? Oh Jane; it will not be long, ere one by one we shall be gathered into the fold above. We may dry our tears, and had better be preparing to follow, for the boat has landed our dearly loved ones, and is returning perhaps for us. They are safe in the haven where they would be; but we may have to toil a little while longer on the rough ocean of life, yet the haven begins to look much nearer; a few more billows perhaps, and we too shall be there. Let us then gather up our loose garments, take courage, and wait in joyful hope for the end. Oh! is it possible, that we are really heirs of glory that fadeth not away; children of the most high God, pressing onwards to our Father's house? Do joys unspeakable await us, and that for ever,—are mansions purchased, prepared, and made sure for us by a dying Saviour's love—is it really true? then what are the sorrows of a few short years? Oh! why do they at times, so unduly press upon our spirits? My God and Saviour, only keep me close to thee—*all, all is well*, all is peaceful, all is bright.

And now, my dear, dear friend, God bless you; will you soon again let me hear from you?

Truly affectionately yours,

H. W.

*Lyme Regis*, 1828.

## LETTER IV.

My beloved Friend,

I think I have not been so long as usual in writing this time, and may therefore wave all apologies about long silence, and begin at once, by thanking you for your last kind and welcome letter. It grieved me, however to find that you had been suffering, my dear Jane, from illness; so do write again soon, as I feel anxious about you. I have thought much of you lately, and some passages in your last have brought you more tenderly into my heart. But, oh! my Jane, how sweet the thought that *nothing* that can, or ever shall befal us in this dark world is unknown to our heavenly Father. It does not take *two days* for a letter to reach Him to tell him his child is sick, or in distress, and wants his supporting presence. Oh no! his arm is ever around us, and no sooner does distress come, than we feel the tender support. Oh, what a privilege! if we did but always realize it, how cheerfully might we go on our way,

free from all anxiety, and knowing that the bounds of our habitation are fixed for us, and fixed by infinite wisdom, and infinite love—but, alas! I have often reason to complain with you—how weak is my faith; else why is my soul cast down at any time? why do anxious thoughts arise, not for myself, but for my dear children? My daily prayer is, Lord, enable me to trust *all—all to thee.* Another sharp trial of faith, it has pleased him lately to appoint me—but blessed be his name for ever, he heard our prayers, and has again brought our dear, dear John through a severe attack of illness. His father has been nursing him through it in town, while I could only cast myself down in silence at a throne of grace, and '*be still.*'—To use his father's expression, '*it was a very near point*' —but he is now returned to Cambridge, though languid and weak, as anxious not to lose his term. His cough, however, is gone, and I humbly trust, it may please his God and Father to restore him to his former health. He has many kind friends at Cambridge, much attached to him, some of whom are always ready to sit with him in his rooms and amuse him. You will see, therefore, what cause I have to be thankful. Another mercy yesterday filled my heart with gratitude, dear Harriett was riding out with her father on the downs, when her pony took fright, got his foot entangled in her riding habit, and kicked frightfully till he threw

her, but providentially she escaped without any serious injury. God be praised for his abundant mercies. Oh that every mercy, every trial, every pain I suffer, may but be the means of cleansing and purifying mine inmost soul, and I am satisfied. Oh yes, dear Jane, '*to be beaten off from self*,' to come simply and entirely to Christ for salvation, and yet to be daily and hourly pressing forwards after greater degrees of holiness, to strive and pray, and earnestly long to feel God's image again stamped upon our inmost soul, this is indeed difficult, but it is the Christian's path to glory—the change must be *going on here* from grace to grace, and even in heaven I apprehend, it will still be going on, pressing on to perfection, till God shall be all in all—every Christian, I suppose does not agree with this, yet I feel persuaded that it is true. I daily and hourly feel, that to the latest hour of my existence, Jesus Christ and he *only* must be the *sole refuge* of my sin-polluted soul, and whether he shall come in the second watch, or whether he shall come in the third watch, is of very little consequence in one point of view: and grieved indeed am I to see (for I had seen it all, dear Jane, before your last arrived) the unchristian spirit with which many (I trust Christian people) write and speak on this subject. I would say to them, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." You recollect that the foolish virgins as well as the wise, heard

the cry, and went forth to meet the bridegroom, but were lost, not for want of attending to the cry, but because they had no oil in their lamps. The Christian who is living *near to God*, in communion with him, who feels day by day that the Saviour's dying love is the one subject on which his soul delights to dwell, that that love is his only support—that bosom his only resting-place, such a soul, *whenever* his Lord shall come, will exclaim with holy rapture, " This is he whom my soul loveth." " Lo, this is our God; I have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation." I could say much more on this subject, but am straightened both for room and time. Do you think with me or no? It seems to me a day in which Christians should tread cautiously, for errors abound and novelty is the order of the day. How strange that Erskine with his powerful and energetic mind should have joined the 'Rowites.' You express a wish to send Charles, as his godmother, a book: he begs me to tell you he should like a History of England better than any thing. He is very fond of history, and as I have kept *story books* as much as possible from them, they all find it their highest source of amusement to read History, Biography, &c., and they are continually reading. Caroline is remarkably interesting; she told me one day she had been very much pleased

with Mrs Sherwood's book on the Church Catechism, but she had found something there she could not believe, because, *were it true*, she was sure I should have told her, so she should read no more of that book—it was, that there were *three persons in one God*, a subject I had never particularly brought before her on account of her tender years. After some conversation she was satisfied, but she lets nothing escape her.

Well, my dear dear friend, may God bless you, and all who are dear to you, and give you to experience more and more largely that peaceful joy, arising from a sense of *sin forgiven*, that full assurance of faith which enables the soul to rest in His love, and that full assurance of hope which can alone enable us to look forward with *joyful anticipation* to that blissful glorious home when Christ shall indeed come the second time without sin unto salvation. "Even so, come Lord Jesus." Once more, God bless you.

Ever your most affectionately attached friend,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1830.

## LETTER V.

My dearest Friend.

Many, many thanks my dearly-loved friend for your affectionate letter,—the *very wish on your*

*part* to comfort me in my present affliction, is soothing to my still aching heart; the very thought that you are feeling, and I trust praying for me, does me good; but dear Jane, can you understand the feeling, *no friend however dear, no voice however loved, can comfort me.* Yes, "there is indeed a secret in the ways of God with his own children, which none others know." Oh! *the hand* which has so deeply wounded, *alone can heal;* that *love,* which has seen it needful in very faithfulness to afflict *so sorely, alone can comfort.* The language of my heart would be, "I will go down to the grave to my child mourning;" comfort I would not wish for, so much as that this bereavement may *indeed* be sanctified to me: entreat *this* for me, dear friend, and *nothing else.* I feel that I have too long, much too long been looking for comfort and enjoyment here; when driven from one idol I have turned to another, still longing for something earthly to take pleasure in. I *think,* surely it is all over now, but I only *know* that my "heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." This has struck me much in meditating on all that is past, that *dear John has been spared to me;* but is not *this* remarkable? No one but a mother who has loved a child as I have loved him, can imagine the tender solicitude with which I watched over his infant years; the delight with which I marked the unfolding ener-

gies of his mind; the tender anxiety with which I daily sought to turn his young heart to God, to place things before him in their *true light*, to shew him, that although he must *use* those talents which God had given him, in order to obtain a livelihood, as a poor man goes to his daily labour, yet that all knowledge, all science was *nothing* without the knowledge of God. Then as years advanced, and he left a mother's care, with what anxious love I followed him to school, and afterwards to Cambridge; how *tremblingly* I watched his progress, and how *thankfully* marked, from time to time, religion taking deeper root in his heart, the fear and love of God seeming to regulate all his conduct. *Then*, as the day drew on for which he had been so long preparing, the day to which I was looking forward, with an *intenseness of interest* far greater than his own, *that, that very morning* when the expected letter arrived, which only a few days before, I had said I should hardly be able to open for joy, I was bending with an anguished heart over my *dear dying child.* I had forgotten the letter in my distress, and when Charles brought it to the bed-side, felt no desire to open it. Oh, what were earthly honours then? and now what canI say? "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." I mark the hand of God in all this, and am silent; but my tears must flow, nor is it good for me that they should stop; I would not grieve

that my little span of time should be so embittered, it would not be if it were not *most needful;* we should not wish for two heavens, if we are but *sure* of that which is to come. Oh, Jane, it is a *great work*, that must be wrought in us, for the soul to be sanctified and made "*meet* for an inheritance among the saints in light." "These are they which came out of much tribulation."

You may be sure it has not been a measure *lightly taken* by us, dear Harriett's going to Notting Hill. As to her leaving me just now, I felt that time to her was precious. I know the value of the instruction that she would receive, and that her health required some change. Her spirits have suffered severely, for she loved our *dear* Caroline with almost a mother's love. She writes me nice accounts, and seems very happy. Little Catherine is now my constant companion, and more, she is a dear child, but I must love her as though I loved her not. And now, dear Jane, may God bless you with his own rich blessings.

Your truly attached Friend,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1832.

## LETTER VI.

Dear, very dear Friend,

Weeks have been passing, I think, more rapidly of late, than I ever remember them to have done:

another winter has passed away, and another summer is opening upon us. Dear Jane, truly life is short; every thing looks to me more a *reality*. Do you know what I mean? I want to know whether your feelings are like my own, at the prospect before us. I seem now continually to be able to *realize* more, the *awful*, and yet the *joyful glorious* futurity. I have many wearied hours, at times, from my present state of health; but oh! the delight of acquiescing in the will of our heavenly Father, not having *one wish*, but what seems best to him, not even desiring the removal of sorrow which his love sees good to appoint for us. Oh, this single feeling is happiness, beyond all that the world can give. I often think, could we but *realize* more the promises of God; could we but keep for ever in view that eternal world of joy which is so soon to burst upon our sight, and *believe* that *there* is reserved, *even for us*, "an inheritance, incorruptible and that fadeth not away,"—Oh, we should not grudge the sufferings of the way; we should not shrink from one trial, from one sorrow which sovereign love may see needful, in order to prepare us for that inheritance. God has given to me, *even to me*, a good hope of everlasting life *through Jesus Christ*. And that *one* thought, that when this sad world, with all its sins and sorrows, shall have passed away, we shall be safe with him for evermore, is happiness.

An eternity of blessedness, dear Jane, we *cannot doubt*. His faithfulness and truth are pledged in our behalf; we may ever plead the fulfilment of his own promise; his very justice is on our side. These two glorious and *astounding* facts I more and more delight in: "Jesus Christ *died for our sins*, and *rose again for our justification*." "If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole." Oh yes, as you say, *here* is our confidence; it is *his* work from first to last, and he will carry it on until he gives us a crown of glory. Oh, how good is it, daily to cast the soul upon his *faithfulness* and *truth*, for pardon, for life, for life spiritual and eternal. It is indeed love past our comprehension. Does not the very name "Jesus Christ" seem to bring a sweet calm over every feeling of the soul? How sweet to take refuge from sin and sorrow in *His divine name*, to turn away from the turmoil of life, and find *there* a rest, a quiet, a peace which passeth all understanding. I rejoice more than ever in contemplating him in the unchangeableness of his character; and well, dear Jane, is it for us that it is so: "that his ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts," else, how could we rest upon him? Oh, there is peace to the soul in the thought that *He is immutable in his promises, unchangeable in his affections*. All beside is as nothing; the best, purest earthly joys are spoiled by sin, the flower fades

while we gaze upon its beauties; the more fondly we have loved any created good, the more bitterly we weep its loss, the more anguished the confession; this too was vanity. Oh my friend, it is not until we have wept, and groaned, and agonized over earth's best joys laid in the grave; not until we have been enabled, though with hearts almost broken, and hopes all shattered, to turn unto God, and find there our calmness; to rise from earth, to gather up our affections from the cold tomb, and wrap ourselves round as it were, in the everlasting love of God; it is not till such a winter has passed over our soul, and such a spring returned, that we know the full meaning of that expression, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

I like your remarks very much, on the manner of treating religious subjects by some in the present day. "Jesus Christ as the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person;" as "our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption," is all in all to the believer; and I like not that way of separating too much, (so as to make a system), *those parts* which make up the *beautiful whole* of man's redemption. I have been reading a book, 'The Remains of Alexander Knox,' which has much interested me. Not that I like the whole of his sentiments; there is a *tendency* in them to dangerous error. I

would not put them into the hands of the young and *inexperienced;* yet is there much truth on the subject of the nature of the salvation which Jesus Christ died to purchase for us. It well expresses *the union and the oneness* with Christ as our living head. "If we dwell in Christ, we must have some conscious evidence of our high and holy resting-place, and our minds and hearts must rationally and satisfactorily feel that they are no longer captives to the world, the flesh, and the Devil; if we dwell in Christ, we no longer live in sin, we no longer cleave to the world, we are no longer the victims of earthly vicissitudes;" and he goes on to describe the peace of mind which the true Christian has "who dwells in Christ, and Christ in him."

To dwell in Christ, what a security! and how rich through Christ dwelling in us,—may we ever, dear Jane, think of this vast privilege, and ever believe me,

Very faithfully and affectionately yours,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1835.

**Written as a memorial of friendship, on parting with her friend, to reside in a distant part of the country.**

There is a feeling of regret
Within my bosom springing,
Which tells me one more pleasure yet,
The sun of one more joy is set
Which round my heart is clinging.

Oh! if there be in human life
A sweet'ner of its sadness,
'Tis that which in severest grief
Can yield the suffering mind relief,
And soothe the soul to gladness.

And friendship's voice thus breathes relief,
Which nothing else can borrow,
It cheers the gloomiest hours of life,
It sheds a sweetness over grief
A calmness over sorrow.

And if it has been mine to drain
The bitterest cup of sadness;
It has been yours, my dearest Jane,
Amidst severest hours of pain,
To soothe my soul to gladness.

Thoughts which I wish not to control
Will turn to thee for ever,
Tho' oceans should between us roll,
Thy loved remembrance from my soul
Nor time, nor change can sever.

Farewell my dear, my much-loved friend,
And may the Lord of glory
Himself thy every footstep tend,
Be with thee to thy journey's end,
And with peculiar sweetness blend
*The all*, that lies before thee.

And should we meet no more, yet Oh!
To us may it be given,
By sweet experience to know
That friendships but begun below,
Are perfected in heaven.

## Letters to Miss S——.

### LETTER I.

My dear Horatia,

It seems then that we are not to meet *this year;* I cherished the hope for a long time, that the summer would not really pass away without our having the pleasure of seeing our dear friends; but it is gone, and with it all its hopes, and fears, and pleasures, and pains, and disappointments. Already the long winter evenings are set in, and we are beginning to talk about *next* summer. Such is life, and so quickly do the different portions of our time slip away; and very soon nothing will seem to us to have been worth an anxious thought, except the spending of our time, so as to make it

*tell* throughout eternity. Oh! that I could *live* with this impression more continually on my mind. The greatest difficulty in religion, to me, is to *realize* things; the world has such a wrong way of looking at, and of estimating things; and we so insensibly look through the world's glass, and estimate things as the world around us estimate them, instead of just simply thinking how such and such things appear in the sight of God, and how they will look to us when eternity shall have torn aside the thick veil. We too, often attach importance to things so trifling, and are even weighed down in our spirits by things, which we shall then see were not worth a thought. Oh! that every thought, every wish and desire were absorbed and lost in the one great concern, a growing meetness for that world of glory, which is so soon to burst upon our view.

Your dear brother's health, Oh may it be restored; and may many a year of happiness yet be his, even upon earth. But, dearest Horatia, is it not true, that earth *cannot* make us happy?—do you remember those words in Augustine's Confessions, "Thou hast made us for thyself, and our *heart is restless* till *it resteth in Thee.*" Our Heavenly Father never intended that we should *rest* in the creature, that we should be satisfied with any earthly good;—He made us for himself, for his own glory, and it is not until our affections centre

in Him as *our home, our resting-place,* that we know what happiness means. Yet, how astonishing it is, that even when we have at length learned this lesson, we are so prone still to leave him, whom having not seen, we love, and in whose unchangeable affection is our safety, and best happiness. Does it not often make you long, dearest Horatia, for the time when we shall be free from all imperfection and sin; when we shall love our Saviour with a *perfect* love, and serve him with undivided affection? I think I rejoice most of all at what you tell me of the state of your dear brother's mind, that he is at length enabled to bow to, and acquiesce with humble submission in, the will of God: Oh! it is this quiet submission which alone can bring *peace* to a wounded mind.—*God has chastened,*—the great Husbandman has pruned, and now he looks for fresher, richer fruit. Do tell your dear brother, with our most affectionate regards, how truly we sympathise with him in all his sufferings, and how earnestly we pray for him; and tell him to remember, that "these light afflictions are but for a moment, but shall work out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Ever your attached friend,

H. W.

*Chettle,* 1834.

## LETTER II.

My dearest Horatia,

Your welcome letter relieved my mind from much anxiety; God be praised! that you arrived safely at Hastings, and that your dear brother, in his precarious state of health, bore the journey so well. I need not tell you how much my thoughts have been with you since you left us, nor how your short visit has doubled the interest I feel in you both, and deepened every feeling of sympathy towards your brother. Oh, if I thought that our sympathy had soothed his sorrowing heart for one short moment, how thankful I should be. God only can restore tranquillity to a mind wounded like his; yet human sympathy is sweet; it is soothing to the soul to know that there are hearts that love you, and are weeping with you. I have experienced this, and though the sorrow of your loved brother is of that peculiar kind that it is almost impossible to approach it with the voice of consolation, yet it may be soothed. Oh, I know well, there can be no wound so severe as that which he has endured:—affections, which have been so fondly twining round one loved object for years, all suddenly torn away, and cast, as it were, on the cold world, to wither and to die; thoughts, wishes and feelings, which have long

centered in one *home*, all broken through; every idea of earthly happiness gone for ever. Oh, it is indeed a hard, hard lesson to a heart like his, beating high with honour and disinterested affection,—what wound can be so severe? God alone can enable him to look through *second causes*, and only to bow and say "my God, thy will be done." Time may, and *will* wear away the bitterness of feeling which now so deeply affects him; but oh! that is nothing, nothing to the sweet peace which I trust awaits his soul. Dear Horatia, tell him to strive to forget that it has been a human hand that has so deeply wounded him:—Oh, tell him to remember, that though the instrument may be *human*, the hand that uses it is *Divine*:—to remember, that "our friends are to us *all that*, and *only that* which God makes them to be;" and I do trust that the time is not far distant, when he will be enabled to see that this chastening, heavy as it is, has been a fatherly correction in love. The more I consider God's dealings with his children, the more I see that he will *wean from earth* those hearts in which he delights to dwell. When he deprives us of that on which we are leaning too fondly, it is that we may lean on himself. When he takes from us our idols, it is that *He* may reign in our hearts supremely. Oh, then it is that we find all earthly joys are nothing. It is a sweet assurance, "whom the Lord loveth he chasten-

eth." I think I have learned to welcome sorrow, for it is *then* I feel that God is drawing me nearer to himself; it is

> "Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
> And know no will but his."

Oh, it is an experience cheaply gained, at the loss of every joy the world can give; but it is not to be obtained without much suffering; it is not until we have found that there is no *home* for the spirit upon earth, that we seek our *home in God;* it is not until we have been made to feel that earth's best happiness, is but vanity, that we turn to God with our *whole heart*, and find a *better happiness there*. Your loved brother, dear Horatia, is indeed young to learn such a lesson as this, but happy those who learn it soonest. Do, Horatia, say to him from me, with my affectionate regard,—"Oh, strive to surrender your whole will to the will of God. I do not say exert yourself to get the better of this heavy sorrow; I do not say weep not; rather I would say, rest your weary, aching head on the bosom of your Saviour, and weep there; soon will his own hand wipe away those tears of bitterness,—soon will his own love shine in upon your soul, and fill you with a joy so sacred, so pure; Oh! you would not part with it for the tenderest earthly feelings you have ever known; God is only preparing you, dearest friend, for that fulness of joy which he hath prepared for you

from all eternity. Oh! let that one thought make you more than satisfied. He loves you; He marks every tear you shed: He sympathizes with you in all your afflictions, and will support you in the day of trouble. Oh! may he fill up that sad void in your heart, with his own everlasting love. May every tear you shed now, be as a gem in that crown of glory, which shall encircle your brow for ever. God bless you for ever." Adieu, dearest Horatia.

Ever your attached friend,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1835.

The following Letter was written to Mr. S. a short period before his death.

## LETTER III.

My dear Friend,

A letter received from dear Horatia yesterday, gives such a sad account of your increased weakness and indisposition, that I cannot forbear writing to *you* this morning. I must do so, to assure you of our tenderest sympathy in all your sufferings. Mr. W. desires me to convey to you his best wishes, and to tell you how truly he is feeling for you;—he wishes you to read *the 20th Psalm*,

as comprising *all* that he could wish for you. I do most fervently hope that we may soon hear from your dear sister, a better account; and that it may yet please a gracious God to restore you, once more, to the friends who so greatly esteem you. Oh! he only knows what is best for his children; and while we say with our blessed Saviour, "*Father, if it be possible,* let this cup pass from me," —we must endeavour to add also with him,— "nevertheless if it *may not pass from me except I drink it, thy will be done.*"

I cannot tell you how much my heart has been filled with sorrow ever since I read Horatia's letter. I had heard of your taking your degree at Cambridge with so much pleasure, and although her last account was not very good, yet I thought the indisposition arising from the excitement, and the journey, and the Cambridge air, altogether was so natural, and would surely soon give way to the quiet of home, and home nursing, that when Horatia's letter came I opened it eagerly, saying, it is to tell us they will come and see us. Well, dearest friend, I know in whose hands you are, and I durst not repine; "all His ways are mercy and truth, to them that fear Him." I only pray that he may so shine in upon your soul with beams of love and mercy, so enable you to feel that *the most high God is your refuge,* and that underneath you are the everlasting arms, that all

earthly things may seem as nothing to you, and sink into insignificance, compared with the joy which is set before you. Wearisome days, and sleepless nights may be appointed you for a season; but oh! may God himself so cheer you with his love, be so present with you by his Holy Spirit, that you may be enabled to *rejoice* in the midst of suffering and pain. I remember once, when in circumstances something similar to yours, too weak to think, or almost to pray, it was as a constant cordial to my soul, to take refuge in the *faithfulness* of God; not one promise that stands on record in His holy word can ever fail; God must be true to his own promise; He cannot let one soul perish, whose only refuge is in Christ Jesus: sooner should heaven and earth pass away. My dear friend, I write thus because I know what weakness of body is, and that it very often so affects the mind and spirit that we seem almost ready to faint. Is it not thus with you? Then throw yourself upon the faithfulness of God in Christ. Plead his own promise:—His very justice is pledged on your behalf. "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." Oh! you are as safe as the promise of God can make you. I sometimes wonder whether Abraham knew the full meaning of those words of his; "My son, God will provide himself a Lamb for a burnt offering." Yes, blessed be his name, and He has,—Jesus Christ

has died,—man is redeemed,—"All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every man to his own way, and the Lord has laid on Him the iniquity of us all." We stand on the same platform—the rope is about our necks—but a reprieve is heard, "loose him and let him go, I have found a ransom." Oh! who can tell the peace that flows into the soul from one believing glance of *Jesus on the cross,* the peace of sin forgiven: oh! from that blessed moment, Jesus Christ becomes the dear resting place, in which our wearied souls take refuge from the sorrows and storms of life. And we learn to say, blessed was the sorrow, and welcome the storm which drove us to seek shelter in such an ark,—to take refuge in such an hiding-place. You, my dear friend, though in early life, you have known some of the keenest sorrows, oh! can you not *now feel* that it has been all in tender mercy? Oh! look intently forward,—is not the thought of the eternal weight of glory,—the everlasting joy which awaits you, is it not enough?

> "How wilt thou then look back and smile
> At thoughts that bitterest seemed ere while,
> And bless the pangs that made thee see
> This was no world of rest to thee."

I fear I shall have wearied you, yet I have not said one half of what I intended—or feel. I long to comfort you, but God is with you, and surely,

he will never, never leave you, nor forsake you. 'Fear thou not, *for I am with thee;* be not dismayed, for *I am thy God;* when thou passest through the waters, *I will be with thee,* and the floods, they *shall not overflow thee*—I, even I am he, that blotteth out thy transgressions *for mine own sake,* and will not remember thy sins."

Do you remember that beautiful hymn,—'Rock of ages, cleft for me,'—ask dear Horatia to repeat it to you for me. Do not think of answering this; your sister will write, and send me a message by her, which she will give me in your own words—and now my dear, dear friend, I must say *Farewell,* God bless you,—

Ever your attached friend,

H. W.

*Chettle,* 1836.

## LETTER IV.

Dear dear Horatia,

What shall I say to you, and dear Emma too, how shall I comfort you; oh, '*The Record*' has told me the sad, sad tidings. I almost fear to break in upon the deep, deep sorrow of your hearts, and yet I must write; and oh, if human sympathy is of any avail, if it can soothe you for one short

moment, be assured that we do indeed sympathise with you, *most sincerely, most deeply.* Oh! Horatia, I can hardly believe it, is it *really true*? is he *indeed* no longer an inhabitant of this world; how I should love to come and weep with you—do write to me as soon as ever you can, and tell me how you have all been supported through this heavy, heavy trial,—I think I see you meekly bowing beneath the stroke which has almost overwhelmed you. Oh, I could weep with you, but how to comfort you I know not,—yet, would you call him back? No, oh no,—his pure spirit is now before the throne, and "everlasting joy is upon his head, and sorrow and sighing have passed away" for ever;—oh, strive to forget what *he was,* and think of him only as *he is.*

> 'Tis beauty celestial which shines on his brow,
> And glory eternal encircles him now.

Oh, think of him as rejoicing day and night—but there is no night there—no more sleepless weary nights—no aching head—no throbbing heart—all, all, within his redeemed soul pure and tranquil, and serene as the light in which he dwells. Yes, you say, I know it all—I know he is blessed for evermore,—but he is *gone,* and *I must weep.* My dear Horatia, you *must weep,*—but oh, rest your aching head upon the bosom of your Divine Lord, and weep there, and he will sustain you, and be

more to you than a brother. How blessed is that sorrow which shakes us from *every earthly dependency*, and forces us, though with hearts all broken, and hopes all shivered, and bosoms all bleeding, to turn away from earth to heaven. May God bless you more than I can express,—may he enable you to look intently forward beyond the dying bed, beyond the grave, beyond the few short years which must intervene, to that bright day—that day of exceeding joy, when those who loved each other so tenderly upon earth, shall surely be reunited to part no more for ever. Oh, wipe away then, dear Horatia, your tears and think, if it were but for a moment where your dear brother is? Is he not in heaven, resting on the bosom of his Saviour and his God?—*realize the thought*, and do you not confidently believe, that you too, ransomed by the same Lord, washed by the same blood, guided and upheld by the same spirit, shall ere long cast anchor in the same haven of rest, and with him rejoice for ever; and is not the thought indeed cheering? Oh, is it not enough to make you rejoice even now in the midst of your tears. Oh, it must have been a privilege to watch his dying bed, to see that calm submission—that patience, that *earnest desire*, to glorify his God and Saviour, whether by life, or by death; this, this was the work of divine grace on his soul,—surely the image of his Saviour was reflected

there. Happy, happy spirit!—*very deep* were his earthly sufferings, but it was all in the tenderest mercy, to meeten him in Jesus for early glory.—I know well, that it is so hard at first to realize the feeling that one so loved is *indeed gone;* that we shall behold him no more, until the resurrection morning; and I know that the keenest pang of sorrow is not often felt the first few days,—perhaps even *now,* you are all suffering more than just at first. Well, my dear friends, it must be so; and the tear of sad, sad sorrow must be shed, and the bosom must swell with many a heavy sigh, as memory brings again and again before us so *faithfully* the form so loved. Time alone can soften this feeling of lonely desolate bereavement, this uninterrupted sense, that something is gone for ever, which had so twined itself around our heart; that it seemed almost necessary for our very existence,—our very being seems to have lost half its energies,—earth *almost all* that pleased. Yes, it is so—but heaven has gained in our affections what earth has lost, and oh! it is a blessed exchange,—again, and again dearest Horatio, let me intreat you to gather up your thoughts and affections from the cold grave, and with submissive reverence and subdued feelings, and purified affections, press forward;—*soon, very soon,* the same bright gates shall unfold again, and again, and again, and you shall enter, a *family in heaven.*—

Adieu, may God bless you all very abundantly, and sustain your fainting spirits by His own immutable affection in Christ Jesus.

Ever your attached friend,
H. W.

*Chettle*, 1836.

Oh! many a friend before me,
Has lifted death's dark veil,
And pierced the mists of glory,
Where ransomed spirits dwell.

And they had many a sorrow,
And many a weary day,
And many a dark to-morrow,
As they sped their homeward way.

And many a secret moment
Of bitterness was there,
For sin, which while they hated,
Would still their bosom share.

And many a sigh of anguish,
And many a throb of woe,
At tenderest ties *all severed*,
And fondest hopes laid low.

Yet one hope shed its brightness
O'er all this sickening scene;
And softened all their sorrow
And sweetened all their pain.

A hope so full of glory,
That ever, as it shone,
Earth's sorrows all unheeded
Were scarcely thought upon.

And now they've past the barrier,
Which long they dreaded most,
And the darkly flowing river
They fearlessly have crossed.

And they've done with earth for ever,
With all its nameless ills,
And they've gained the utmost bounds
Of the everlasting hills.

Oh! when some few more winters
Their sorrows around have cast;
May I with them be sheltered
And rest with them at last.

## Letters to Miss C——.

### LETTER I.

My dearly loved friend,

I do hope you have not thought me very negligent *all this long time*, nor for one moment permitted yourself to think me ungrateful or forgetful of you; indeed I feel *sure* you have not, yet I *hope* you have been rather looking for a letter from me

—the real truth is, I have not had one leisure morning since my return home, in which I could comfortably sit down to converse with a dear and absent friend; and to write a letter to *Ireland full of nothing*, would be ridiculous.

And now my first leisure morning I sit down to fulfil your request, dear Catherine, and to write 'a sheet *brimfull*,' but as to telling you any Dorsetshire news, I fear I shall be very disappointing, for really I seldom hear any. I sit by my own fireside, and think sometimes the world might disappear and I should scarcely know it. I wish you could have come to England, dear friend: but your *quiet trust* in your heavenly Father will bring more joy into your mind, than you could have received from intercourse with *any earthly friend*, however dear; and although you have indeed left many privileges, which you enjoyed in town, yet God himself can so richly make up this loss, that soon I am sure the remembrance will not cost you one sigh. Oh! there is something so inexpressibly sweet in feeling that we are *resting in God alone*, to be able in some measure to say with the Psalmist, "Lord, *thou hast been our dwelling place*." "My soul wait thou *only* upon God," "because *thou hast* been my help, therefore under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice." I believe we never know what happiness means until we have experienced this weanedness from *friends*, this

hiding ourselves in God, wrapped round as it were in his everlasting love, leaning upon his bosom. Oh! it is then that we would not change our situation with all its sorrows and trials, for any other in the world, because it is just the situation in which our God has placed us, and it is our joy that *all his will* should be done, *in us* and *by us*, so "we glory in tribulation." Oh! is there not a joy in this resting *solely* upon God, which nothing earthly could ever give? surely it is an experience cheaply gained at the expense even of that earthly joy we most fondly prized, and ardently longed for. Dear friend, it is no easy thing to say with our whole soul, "thy will be done;" when we have arrived at this point, when we can really *feel* our *will subdued*, and entirely and unreservedly brought into a *cheerful* acquiescence with the will of God. Oh, then, surely heaven is begun in the soul, and we have only to die, to make that heaven eternal. Oh that we could but *realize* more, all of us, the nearness of that wonderful eternity which will so soon burst upon our sight, when this poor world will be forgotten, or only remembered as a short moment. Oh, how shall we wonder then, that we could make such *very trifles* into things of so much consequence, and daily almost forget that which alone is worth living for.

I cannot help a feeling of peculiar joy when I hear of men of talent becoming decidedly pious,

and consecrating their talents to the God who gave them to them. An instance of this sort I found in one of the tutors of Trinity, a Mr. ——, who was also senior wrangler, and who has become a meek and lowly follower of the Saviour. John first introduced him to me four years ago, and now when I saw him again, so evidently a man "renewed in the spirit of his mind," I could have wept with joy. Surely true religion is much spreading, surely it shall preserve the land. Mr. —— comes here sometimes and *croaks* so, it is frightful, but I must think the church will yet stand firm; however, I know we ought not to be too anxious. God reigneth; let his kingdom come, the means and the times are his to order.

Is all quiet around you? we in peaceful Chettle seem to have a poor idea of the tranquillity of poor Ireland. Do write to me again soon, and tell me every thing about yourself—what kind of village is yours? what sort of people? have you any Roman Catholics near you? I scarcely seem to think you *safe*. I *do* remember you in my poor prayers, and I hope you do not forget me a poor unworthy being, but one who loves you, and who like yourself is clinging to the cross of Christ as her refuge, "her only safe retreat." I pray God to bless you, and be more to you than all the world besides.

Your truly attached friend.

*Chettle*, 1835. H. W.

## LETTER II.

My very dear Friend,

I feel this afternoon more fit to *go under a dock leaf*, than to write a letter to you. . . .and now I scarce know where to begin, or which part of yours to reply to first; but will take the subjects on which you touch, *in order*. I hope, I feel with you that I have *very much* to be thankful for, though I know that *too often* my soul is cast down within me. The remembrance of deep sorrows has cast a serious sadness over *every feeling*, whether of joy or sorrow; and in proportion as *every thing like the vivacity of youth* takes its lingering departure, I find this serious sadness deepens; yet, dear friend, do not misunderstand me, I join most heartily in all you say of *the loving-kindness* of the Lord, and no one ever had more reason; and I often wonder how, with *such prospects* before me, which through infinite mercy I trust I may consider as *mine*, I can *ever* be cast down; but dear friend, "the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with it," and there are moments when *present sorrows*, heavily mingling with the remembrance of the past, come rushing in through the soul like a whirlwind; but these moments of bitterness pass away; and, thank God, I am enabled to rise out of them more quietly than

formerly, and I trust I may say, as my time on earth is shortening, my heart and affections are more set on heavenly things. Oh, when will it be all over, and sin and sorrow be at an end for ever; but now, did you ever know any thing like me? I thought I was going to answer your letter, and see how I am running on. I knew I was only fit to hide myself this afternoon—

> "In that dear home, safe in thy wounded side,
> Where only broken hearts their sin and shame may hide."

I did rejoice when I found how you were supported, dear friend, and enabled to go on your way rejoicing. I can enter into all you say on our way being made plain before us; yes, it is sweet to feel that we are where God would have us to be, and I am more and more persuaded that "if we acknowledge him in all our ways, he will direct our paths." Oh! to be enabled so to *realize eternal things*, that all earthly concerns may be as nothing in the comparison. Oh, I would that all *that is excessive*, all that is immoderate in earthly cares, anxieties, or affections, were nailed to the cross; that all that is displeasing in the sight of God within my soul, oh, that all were crucified with Christ. I have been reading *Goode on 'The better Covenant,'* as you wished me to do, I have got about half through it, and like it very much. I think I have in some measure got the better of my fastidiousness about *style;* it was a snare to me.

I do not care much about *beauty* of style now, if the sentiment is to my mind, and expressed with energy and feeling, but I cannot help thinking yet there is *some deficiency* in Goode. I think some writers dwell too much on the work done *for* us, and not enough on the work which must be done *in* us. "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him,"—but perhaps I shall come to more on this head before I finish. There is certainly something *very odd* about Abbott's "Corner Stone," he seems to me to contradict himself; yet I would not condemn him as too many do; his chapters on the last supper, and on the crucifixion, are beautiful and very affecting. 'Time and Temper,' the author gave me himself as I passed through town, and had the privilege of spending an evening with him. He was one of my dearest and oldest friends. We were brother and sister almost until I married. We had not met for twenty-two long years, and you can easily imagine that we lived over again some of those days; but he checked every thing like too much earthliness of conversation, and we read the Bible and he prayed with us as he used to do, and that little book was his parting gift, together with these two little words which I shall never forget—'*be calm.*' There is another little work which I am much pleased with—*Griffith's 'Spiritual Life'*—Have you met with it?

Really your account of the *Romans,* and your situation in the midst of them, is quite appalling to me. I cannot think I should feel at ease amongst them. I do not like *croaking* more than you do, but just at present things look rather *awkward* I think, not that therefore I am uneasy; I thank God, I know in whose hands we are; our own Father's hand is steering our vessel, but he may see fit to permit it to be shaken by many a storm, and to be tossed by many a rough and almost overwhelming wave. You will say, 'never fear,' his faithfulness and truth are pledged to bring it safely into harbour. I know it, dear friend, I know it, and for ever blessed be his name, it is not *these things* that move me—the rain may fall, and the winds blow, and the storms beat, built on the rock of ages we may defy the storm and tempest—underneath us are the everlasting arms, round about us is the shield of love divine. Oh, to know more of its length, and breadth, and height.

Your account of the priest made us smile, at the same time I could have groaned almost over the state of the poor deluded people; and what is going to be done for them? I do think the Church of England has a fearful account against her, when I think how little she has ever done for poor Ireland. Dear friend, I rejoice to think that, if God will, we *may* meet this summer, I should indeed be sorry to be out should you come, but I do not

think it at all probable—my state of health is not fit for travelling. I often think that the day of my departure *cannot be far distant.* Oh, to *wake* and find *indeed* the struggle over, safe for ever, in heaven with God, *beholding that Saviour who gave his life for me,* can it be? Oh, my dear friend, it is a very solemn thought—it makes me very serious at this time. I love to go out but seldom any where, but to meditate continually on eternal things. Oh, to be where there is no longer *any sin,* where my poor weak heart *cannot* any more wander from my God, my *only rest*—this, this is the one desire of my soul. Dear friend, here is another letter full of *nothing,* and I fear you will never have any thing else from

Your very unworthy friend,

H. W.

*Chettle,* 1835.

## LETTER III.

My dear friend,

How heart-cheering are the glorious truths which we believe! Oh, what are earth's sorrows—nothing, nothing at all—only let us keep our eye steadily fixed upon the joy that is set before us, "looking unto *Jesus,* the author and finisher of our faith"—that one name *Jesus* seems ten thousand

times dearer to me than it ever did, while to contemplate *Him*, as the *author and finisher of my salvation*, gives me a never-failing hope, that *I, even I* shall overcome and sit down at last in his everlasting kingdom. But I think I take rather a different view of *that*, and many similar texts, to what most with whom I converse do. I love to look to Jesus in a two-fold sense. He died to make an atonement for our sins—he lives to *carry on*, to finish our salvation—" His name shall be called Jesus, for *he shall save his people from their sins*." The word *salvation* comprehends so very much—restoration to the image of God—the soul diseased with sin restored to health, and this he has pledged himself to do for all those who come to him to *be healed*, to *be made whole*, to be restored in him to the bosom of their God and Father,—Oh what a wonderful subject is man's redemption, I never grow weary of it. You say, dear friend, that I must not call you a *high calvinist*. I do not know that you are *one bit* a higher calvinist than I am myself after all, nor should I ever be likely to say *any thing of the kind*. I exceedingly dislike any names of the kind—the sad, sad, party feeling which rages now in England, even among the best men, is quite sickening—*the strife about words* is wearying—my whole soul turns from it all: and oh, is it not sweet to turn away from systems, and men, and books, and things, and just

take refuge in Jesus Christ, and wrap ourselves round as it were in the everlasting love of God, reconciled in him who was manifested so wonderfully to a lost world? John iii. 16. Oh, I have not *one thought*, or *hope of salvation*, which does not centre in Jesus Christ, but, let us never forget what *that salvation* comprehends; the *full meaning* of the word;—*herein* I do think the high calvinistic party for many a year past have failed in their preaching and writing. In my younger days, *the high church party* made salvation *much too easy a thing*,—it was, 'do your duty and trust in Jesus Christ to make up what you leave undone;'—then the evangelical party *seem to me*, to have made salvation also too easy,—"Believe in Jesus Christ and be saved." What I mean is, in both cases, salvation has been looked to too much as a *future thing*, a being saved from *the wrath to come;* and not a *present thing*, a being saved *now* from *the power and love of sin*—this, indeed, is no easy thing, and the conflict is truly arduous. Well indeed it is for us that our Saviour is an Almighty Saviour. Oh, my dear friend, do you never ask within yourself—*shall I indeed* be saved? shall I ever be made meet for the presence of God?—And yet it must be done, and God is glorified in his children only as his own image is reflected in them; and Jesus Christ sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied; only as the fruits of the Spirit shine forth in them,



L. of C.

—" Love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness." Oh, my God! grant unto me, and to *my dear friend*, to whom I am writing, such a measure of thy Holy Spirit, that we may indeed be made meet for thy own kingdom and glory; that at the last, when this poor world, with all its joys and sorrows shall have passed away, we may meet again in that world where sin cannot enter, where every tear shall be wiped away *for ever*.—Will you not say, dear friend, Amen to this; I am sure you will. And now I must say adieu;—may God bless you with his *richest blessings*, and be with you in all your loneliness, and then you will never feel lonely. Ever remember me as

Your sincerely attached,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1836.

## LETTER IV.

My dearly loved Friend,

I am quite sure you have thought me very very negligent, and yet I *half hope* that knowing a little how things have been with me, you have not thought me *inexcusable*. I cannot now go back to the period of your last, so much has passed since then. I only know that *that* letter was most welcome, and spoke my very own feelings, though

perhaps I might have worded them somewhat differently. I think you rather misunderstood my meaning in some expressions in my last to you, but I rejoice you did so, because it called forth expressions of *assurance*, which *from you*, thoroughly delighted and rejoiced my heart. Oh, *what a mercy* to have found that peace which outward circumstances, be they what they may, can never deprive us of; to have cast anchor within the vail, whither our forerunner is for us entered; and *now* although clouds may gather round and burst over our head, yet, we "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." For look beyond, is not our horizon tinged with glorious hues?

Oh yes, *all there* is bright, *all*, *all is peace;* yes, because our Redeemer lives, we shall live also. He has given unto us the earnest of his Spirit, whereby "we are sealed unto the day of redemption." He has sent the spirit of adoption into our hearts, whereby we cry, *Abba*, *Father*, and oh, "if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." What promises, what prospects are ours! dear friend, do you sometimes feel faint and weary? sometimes ready to sink beneath the waves?" This is my case, and God vouchsafes to give me such bright glimpses within the vail, that I think I shall never shed a tear again; but this *cannot* last; no, *earth is earth*, and joy cannot last until sin is for ever extinguished in the heart. Oh

come that blessed day; how long my strength will last I know not, but God knows, and upon his promise I rely. I am weaker than water, but I lean upon omnipotence, what shall I fear? I know, dear friend, you often think of me; I know I have your prayers; let us remember mutually God is our strength, the most high God our Redeemer; underneath us are the everlasting arms, should we meet *no more* on earth, surely *we shall meet.* We shall praise our God together in better, *brighter scenes.* Write me a few cheering lines, dear friend; tell me again of the loving kindness of my God reconciled in Christ Jesus; remind me how he knows all. He has indeed greatly sustained and comforted me, and I have never lost the sweet assurance, that *all* is in *tenderest love.* May the best blessings be *ever yours,* and

believe me most truly and affectionately yours,

H. W.

*Chettle,* 1838.

## Letters to Mrs. L'O——.

### LETTER I.

My very dear Sister,

Although it appears to me almost impossible to get through a letter, yet I must make the attempt. I cannot tell you half the feelings which agitate, at times, this poor sinking frame; but blessed be God, I know in whose hands I am, and generally speaking, my spirits and mind are calm, quiet, and happy. Many anxious thoughts will at times obtrude themselves, but as Mr. B— sweetly expresses it, "I lay my weary head down on the bosom of my Saviour, and leave every thing, myself and all that are dear to me, in his hands." Dearest Catherine, now I feel what life is—a moment; now I feel the value of a Saviour, and the vast importance of attending to that divine command,—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." God bless you evermore, dear sister; I do indeed feel for you in your present state of suffering; and, yet dear Catherine, cheer up once more. What an inestimable privilege is ours! we may, we can, we do look up to God as our reconciled Father, a tender, indulgent, most merciful Father, not a pain is there that we suffer,

not a sorrow is there that we feel, but we may go to him, and he helps us through it. "He knows our frame, he remembers that we are but dust." Oh, I love to read again and again every word that Christ spoke when he was on earth; it is that tender compassion that shewed itself on every occasion that I love to dwell upon, and he is the same compassionate Redeemer still; his faithfulness and truth are my shield and buckler, his love and tender mercy are my never-failing support. In this world we must have tribulation, and it is not until we have drunk very largely of the cup of bitterness, which is mercifully, most mercifully put into our hands, that we really feel that all here is unsatisfactory. We indeed cling to earth, and scarcely move towards heaven till we have been made to experience the utter nothingness of all created good, and that nothing, nothing but the love of God in Christ Jesus can for one moment satisfy the soul; there is a weary restlessness of spirit without this, even in the midst of earthly enjoyment; with it there is a peaceful sacred joy, even in the midst of severe suffering, and under the painful sense of bereavement, which seems to bury our dearest hopes, and almost to rend asunder our soul and body. Oh then, let us welcome every sorrow which teaches us to know more of the love of God in all its length, and breadth, and depth, and height, every sorrow which weans our affec-

tions from earth and earthly objects, and fixes them supremely and for ever upon the rock of ages. My dear sister, yet a little while, let patience have her perfect work, yet a little while, and all will be over, our sorrows, our sufferings, all for ever past.

> 'Heaven's eternal joys before us,
> God's own hand shall guide us there.'

If it is God's blessed will, we may yet spend some happy hours together in time, if not, Oh, let us look forward to those everlasting scenes of bliss where we shall part no more for ever. Pray for me, dear sister, as I pray for you, that our faith fail not.

Ever your attached sister,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1829.

## LETTER II.

What shall I say to you, my own dear Catherine,—only last night brought me the intelligence of your sad bereavement. Oh, my very heart weeps with you. But what can I say? Oh, that I could fly to you. The first feeling of my soul, when I read my husband's simple account, 'their child is taken, their hopes are withered,' was, oh, let me go to them;—but I cannot come, and I

know that writing will only cause your tears to flow afresh, and yet I must write. Do write as soon as you can, and tell me, is your soul calm? Are you so upheld, that you do not sink under this heavy stroke? Can you feel this too comes from the hand of a tender Father, and can you meekly bow to his will? Oh, if you are enabled to do this, your soul is in peace, you are happy, though your poor heart is bleeding. Dear, dear Catherine, I cannot comfort you, to attempt it would be vain, but there is one who can, who will, who has comforted you; and I trust that his love, softly breathing through your soul, has, ere this, calmed all that was excessive in your sorrow. I seem to see in this dispensation, severe as it seems, how very dear you are to him. God perhaps foreseeing that this dear infant would take too much hold of your heart, that you would have been prone to rest on the gift too fondly, has taken her to his bosom. He will himself have your whole heart; dear little infant is already in possession of heaven's joys, shining before the throne of her Redeemer for ever, her young voice already pouring forth his praises who loved her so well as to take her thus early to himself. Oh, my dear sister, try to think of her only as an angel in glory, in full possession of all those joys which you never, in all your fondest affection, could have procured for her here; she was all lovely, she was your's, and you wept over

her with all a mother's joy, with all a mother's tenderness; and she is gone, and your very soul is rent asunder, and your inmost spirit mourns, and what can I say, it must be so, the hand which has so sorely smitten, that hand alone can heal; and to him again and again I commend you both, for your dear husband is joined with yourself in all my truest sympathy. I see you both weeping, mourning together, and yet bowing submissively to the stroke which has again torn from you so much of earth's purest happiness; my spirit mourns with your spirits, my tears flow with yours, and I can hardly help saying, my God, *why* hast thou done this? Oh, it is a sad sad world, and all these sorrows seem to call us to gather up our loose garments, and gird them around us, and be ready to leave it, for "this is not our rest, because it is polluted." My dearly loved sister, I will write no more; I feel the utter inefficacy of any thing friends can say or do; to God again I commend you, with earnest prayer that he will so cause his love to shine in upon your bereaved soul, that you may feel that he is more to you than ten children. God for ever bless you,

Your truly affectionate sister,

H. W.

*Exeter*, 1829.

## LETTER III.

My ever Dear Sister,

You tell me not to write to you myself, nevertheless I take my pen, assured that you will not be sorry to see my handwriting. "Cast down, but not destroyed," wounded, bleeding, but still alive. Oh! my sister, what is life? What would it be but for the bright hope? Blessed be God for this hope; well may it be called the "anchor of the soul," though, alas, it is sometimes but a trembling hope! No, my dear sister, we will not look back, I dare not look back, it is so painful: it is only by looking forward that I live on—or, rather say, it is only through sovereign mercy that I live on, that my soul is yet in life. Oh! may the gracious purposes of my God and Saviour be yet accomplished in my soul, and I shall, at last, thank him even for this. The work must be done;—the great work—the sanctification of the soul—though the furnace be heated seven times hotter than usual, it must be done, if there be any gold, that the dross at length may be consumed. Oh! when, when will it be? But, dear sister, let the thought cheer your heart, that it is but for an appointed time. I am quite sure we both feel that our mercies are far more than our sufferings. We are yet upon earth, and earth must not, cannot be—Heaven. Had we nothing here to make us very weary, our souls

would not be earnestly longing for that better land. Had not the whole earth been deluged—had there been one green sunny spot, where she could have rested the sole of her foot, the dove would not have returned to the ark. It is even so; and surely, when our heavenly Father chastens us, it is in tender mercy, because he will not let us perish. I think, my dear sister, we have each of us learned this lesson, in some measure at least, that God is Love. The beautiful emblem of the refiner, with its exact propriety, I met with some little time since; I exceedingly delight in the idea, and do believe that the image of the Lord we love, is, in some measure, reflected in the bosom of all true believers. The conclusion of the little anecdote, if you remember, was this:—"The lady was just retiring, when the refiner called her back, bidding her especially remember, that he could not take his eye off the metal for a moment, lest he should lose the exact minute when his own countenance was brightly reflected; for, if he let the metal stay in beyond that moment, it would be marred." Is not this beautiful? Oh, my God, will that moment ever arrive? Yes; but not upon earth. "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

Ever my dear sister, in sorrow or joy,

Your much attached

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1836.

## LETTER IV.

My dearest Sister,

I thought to myself just now, as I was trying to mend my pen to write to you, Now I will not tell her any miseries, for what good is there in it? I will confine myself entirely to mercies, and call up all my spirits for the occasion; but, if I do so, why, then, perhaps I shall not give you a faithful and true picture; and so things shall come out just as they exist, and you will see, dear sister, that life with me is just what it has ever been, a mixture—joys and sorrows, mercies and trials, pleasures and pains, days and nights make up the whole, and my spirit, still weary, longs for a better state of existence. I am looking intently forward, and very often say to myself, "There is no night there."

Oh, how one earthly joy after another says, good bye to us! Well, it must be so, and it is well. I am just beginning to realize things. A heavenly world seems to be opening before me; past things seem fading away: all things are becoming new, and sometimes I wonder how such trifling things can ever have interested me so. Shall we, indeed, meet in that bright world of glory? One stedfast thought of that world makes earthly sorrows seem as nothing. How trying is your

lengthened illness, my dear sister; how largely do we drink of the cup of sorrow in almost all its varieties in this world. Well, do you not say with me—

> "Oh, to be brought to Jesus' feet!
> Tho' sorrows fix me there,
> Is still a privilege, and sweet
> The energies of prayer;
> Tho' sighs and groans its language be,
> If Christ be nigh, and smiles on me."

Yes, it is mercy enough that our souls are not in hell; and, oh! are the sufferings of this life worthy to be compared with that eternal weight of glory, which we look for so soon? Oh, my God! only in infinite mercy and love let all these sorrows have their effect, until our inmost souls are purified; and all that is within, every thought and wish and feeling chastened, subdued, and at rest, that we may be made meet for thine own presence in glory! Oh! have we not learned, at length, to look so intently *beyond, beyond, beyond* the present scene of things, even to those habitations where our home is, where *our rest for ever is*, even in the courts of our Father's house? Oh! let us then in heart and mind *thither ascend*, and dwell there *now* almost. I am in a very suffering condition, as it respects my poor mortal frame; but, blessed be God, my soul is in peace—my anchor is within the vail, sure and stedfast. Be-

cause He lives, I shall live also; we may not meet again on earth, but, oh! to look forward and think, how short the time, and the everlasting morning will dawn. May the glorious contemplation of the *coming realities, all, all* the purchase of a Saviour's blood, so sustain our *wearied* fainting spirits, that pain and suffering may be as nothing to us. Oh! are we not already come unto Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God—the heavenly Jerusalem? Shall we not soon see Him who has opened for us, a new and living way into the holiest of all? Are we not waiting till the day breaks and the shadows flee away? Oh! my sister, I only want to know that your soul is in *perfect peace*, as stayed upon God, and I am content. My heavenly Father only knows, how much longer my poor strength will hold out; I am in His hands, and blessed be His name, He enables me to leave everything to Him, in the belief, that He will order everything right for me; He has promised, and I know that He cannot and will not deny himself, that as my day is, "my strength shall be." I therefore depend upon Him—when the hour comes, He will bring me off more than conqueror; but it is an awful thought, *all* that is to come is solemn and awful, yet inexpressibly joyful too.

Dearest Sister, I have every comfort, every affectionate attention; I am quite ashamed I am

petted so, remembering my Lord and Saviour had not where to lay his head.

Your truly affectionate sister,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1838.

The following words were written in pencil to Mrs. L'O——, a short time before her death:

My own loved Sister,

Once more just to say God bless you both. I am happy and full of peace; Jesus Christ is my strength, my rock, my hiding-place, my all. Dear John will have said all for me. Ever, yes, ever your own.

H. W.

1839.

## Letters to the Rev. Charles L'O.

### LETTER I.

My dear brother,

When I remember how long it is since I received such a kind letter from you, I am really shocked, because you must think me so ungrateful. You cannot think how welcome that letter

was to me; and how it cheered and refreshed my spirit, and strengthened my mind. You know that illness alone could have so long kept me silent; not but that I could have written, but day after day I have thought, another day I shall be better able to think, however it is of no use to wait for that—my body, and head, and all of me, is but a wreck, and so my dear brother, I shall but send you a few fragments of the shattering. Ah, well, you will say; your vessel is not sunk, so be of good cheer, the wreck is floating still, and floating nearer and nearer the desired haven. It is so, and I am thankful. Will you take your pen and give me a faithful account of dear Catherine, and of your own welfare? I know I do not deserve that you should, but I have nevertheless such confidence in your affection, that I think you will, especially when you call to your remembrance the feeble state of your poor sister, and know that there is something in your mind and expression which suits me exactly, and strengthens me for all that may be very close at hand.

The return of my malady is now fearfully rapid. Blessed be God, though sometimes afraid, yet put I my trust in him. I cannot doubt, my soul rests upon his own word. "Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope." Has not God been my refuge through many a weary year, and shall I fear? It cannot

be that he will ever leave me. Oh, no! though sometimes the past comes so vividly before my eyes, with all its train of wretched deformity, that I am obliged to hide my eyes, and run, nay fly to Calvary; and oh, if the blood shed there does not just blot out every page of my memoirs, I am lost, —but *there* I, even *I am safe*. But will it not? I do trust it will, and I cannot tell you the *depth of rest* my soul generally feels in believing this.

Give my tenderest love to your dear wife. Is she gaining strength?—tell me every thing. Oh, how you have both suffered! but is it not good? How sad it is that earthly anxieties should, like a thick fog, too often obscure the bright shining of the sun. I never dwell upon the thought of seeing either of you again upon earth, but so habitually now do I look forward beyond the bed of death, beyond the cold grave, to that land where the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick, that it seems but a little while and we shall meet. Oh yes, we shall, and how sweet will be our song of praise, how perfect our friendship there!

Ever believe me,

Your truly affectionate sister,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1838

## LETTER II.

My dear Brother,

I have just read over again for the fourth time, your last letter; it was most welcome to me, it did my heart, and soul, and spirit good, and now I write a few lines just to say, write to me again. Your letters, God is pleased to permit to be helps to my soul, every word I prize, every word seems real. I have little to say that is worth saying—my malady has made me so weak, that no wonder my hand shakes, and my poor head is all confusion. Bless God, his faithfulness and truth continue to be my support and consolation—all his paths are mercy and truth. How much longer this state is to last, I indeed know not, but my heavenly Father knows, and that is enough. Oh! I delight in feeling that the case is His, not mine. To live or to die, it is his to decide. I am content to live on, so I may but be strengthened to live to his honour and glory. Yes, dear brother, he will give us strength for each day, and for each trial as it arrives, and that is enough, there my strength is treasured up. I have none, not an atom, but He is my strength, therefore I fear not; but I do not always feel just so. Oh, sometimes I tremble a little. I have such *full* views of His infinite holiness, and of my own wretchedness, that

sometimes I quite shake, but as 'the limpet to the rock,' so clings my soul to the Rock of Ages. Oh! were it not for that *cleft in the rock*, where could my soul flee unto? but with Moses, the faithful servant of the Lord, I hide myself there. Sometimes too, I feel impatient because the shores of Canaan recede as I seem to approach. Oh for patience and faith. That day will come, and when 'tis past, I shall awake in glory.

How I wish you could come! Yes, 'distance is like night,' but there, in that blest land, for which we are bound, there is no more night.

> 'No midnight shade, no clouded moon,
> But sacred, high, eternal noon.'

My brother, is it true, are we fast travelling to that better country? shall we indeed soon meet around our Father's throne? Imagine what our meeting will be! Oh my God, then we shall know what thy love has done for us! A few more struggles, a few more conflicts, a few more tears, and then, oh then we shall shout victory! victory!

I cannot write any more, every inch of me is throbbing. Dear brother and sister, God bless you for ever, and ever and ever,—God bless you.

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1839.

## Letters to Mrs. N——.

### LETTER I.

My dearest Sister,

Ever since I received your last deeply interesting letter, I have been waiting till a quiet morning gave me leisure, and until a mind in some measure calm, and at rest, would permit me to answer it as I could wish. I wept over it, and could only carry you and your sorrowing heart to a God of mercy, and love, and faithfulness. Oh! my sister, in *every feeling* I can go with you. Your heart is indeed very broken still, and did you think that *so soon*, the wounds would have ceased to bleed? Oh, it cannot be—in two years, three years, a sweet serenity will return, but expect not that ever again in this world, *all* within your bosom will be calm as it was wont to be. No, in the sweetest seasons of joy, when our children are around us, and all seems joyous and gay, the mother's heart returns in fond remembrance to those *so loved;* and too often, instead of joining in the happiness of those who are indeed as dear, *her heart is in the grave,* or *in the chancel vault.* This is my experience, dear Caroline, nor would I have it otherwise,—I never found a human heart that could understand me. My joy

is, that God knows the inmost recesses of my soul, and I know no sweeter moments than those in which, with a heart all broken, I turn to him and weep upon that compassionate bosom, and find *there* a calmness, a joy, which *nothing earthly* ever could have given. Dearest sister, do you understand me? You must not imagine I think your grief sinful in the sight of God; it is not, and I believe we oftentimes debar our souls from much spiritual joy and consolation, by grieving over those things as sinful which are not, and this prevents us from going to God at once, with sweet confidence, as to a reconciled, forgiving, compassionate Father, who has corrected us in love, and who would pour the rich consolations of his own word into the soul which he has loved well enough to chasten and subdue, and bring close to himself. Bishop Hopkins says, "sometimes the very delicacy of a man's spirit will make him dissolve into weeping, and the love of God, as a heavenly flame enkindled in the heart, will distil tears through the eyes; the tenderness of his spirit will engage him to a sweet mourning over his faults and miscarriages, and while the spirit of God moves upon the face of *these waters*, the next thing to be created on *that soul* is light, peace, and joy." Dearest, dearest sister, you expect too much of yourself, you try too much to overcome what you cannot overcome; let alone all effort to overcome

sorrow, and be content to suffer for awhile—*very deeply* our heavenly Father would have us suffer at times. You have not wept enough yet, my sister; do not think me *hard-hearted*, I could freely come and mingle my tears with yours; but let *this chastening* suffice, do not be like your poor sister, and need another and another. Oh, I am more than ever convinced, that it is no easy matter to be a Christian. I think of all God *has done* for us, of all he *must do* in us, to make us meet in Christ in that glorious state of inheritance which he has purchased for us with his own blood, till I tremble; while at the same time I am filled with admiring gratitude and love. When is it that "He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied?" Will he wait for this until the full number of his redeemed people shall meet in heaven, and together sound his praise? Is it not rather as he watches the gold in the fire, purifying, refining, stirring until his own image is reflected there? Let us rejoice, then, in the midst of our tears. The will of God has been done in us. "Even so Father, *thy will be done.*" If from any of my letters at any time I have given you reason to think better of me, dear Caroline, than I deserve, I desire to be *deeply humbled* before God on this account. You must only think of me *as I am;* a most unworthy, weak, trembling creature, longing to know more of *the power of religion.* Religion

is not mere sentiment—it is not mere feeling—it is not merely doing. What is it? It must operate as a *check* or it is nothing. Oh, that every thought and feeling of my soul were purified, and restrained and set right. But how hard it is to *feel rightly* in matters where we have almost all our lives *felt wrongly*. It is indeed an *arduous conflict;* yet, yet I trust God will himself bring us off more than conquerors; oh, yes, and he will enable you, dear sister, to raise your thoughts above the cold tomb, and to gird your garments close to you, and set out afresh for heaven. "*Thy children are blessed for ever.*"

> Nor need they now their mother there,
> To dry their tears, to soothe their care.

Write soon, I so long to know that a sweet soft sunshine is gently breaking through your tears. It has been a long cold winter, but summer is nigh at hand; we wait with patience, because we know the wind will cease, and the clouds must disperse, and the summer sun must, ere long, shine in all its beauty and strength, and cheer and revive all things—even so, let us go on our little span of life. "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Joy is for heaven, not for earth, except a sacred holy joy in God. and shall we indeed meet our children there? Shall *we really* awake from the tomb, and be saved for ever, to dwell in that light, where no earthly pas-

sion shall ever disturb the sweet serenity of the redeemed soul? Surely this is joy enough for us here—only let us *live* upon the thought.

Ever believe me,

Your much attached Sister,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1836.

## LETTER II.

My dearest Sister,

After reading your very welcome letter, I long, so to converse with you a little, that I must take up my pen instead, though that will only convey to you a very small part indeed of what I wish to say. Yes, *every feeling* I fully entered into with you, I can see the sweet dear babe looking more than ten thousand words; meekly expressing the earnest desire, yet contented. I see the dear head quietly laid down again on that bosom which *aches* to give the wonted nourishment, now no longer there; but *this* is *too exquisitely painful* for *me* to dwell upon. Oh! Caroline, my dearest sister, God is teaching you *just* as he has taught me; our feelings, our experience is become so exactly alike. Still I do desire to bless my God and Father for *all*. As *the past* seems to be fading from before me, and as earthly joys one by one take their final

farewell of my poor heart, I do trust that that heart with all its affections and desires is becoming more purified, more meet for that heaven where my soul would be. Oh, it is not an easy thing to rise from earth to heaven, to cease from seeking our enjoyment in any earthly thing or being, to let go all human dependencies, and to live daily and hourly that hidden life of faith which alone is to live. A new world seems to be daily opening to my view. "Old things are passing away, all things are becoming new." I begin to see that *there is* a happiness even upon earth, and I sometimes feel it; it is a consciousness that your will is subdued, renewed; a quiet giving up of earthly things, but many a hard blow is needed to bring us into this happily resigned, and submissive state of mind. Do you remember that expression of Halyburton, 'My soul needs braying in a mortar,' so does mine; and dear Caroline, I do thank God with my whole heart, that he has so 'brayed it;' I thank him that by *any means*, he has at length, I humbly trust, in some measure weaned my affections from earth, and earthly things, and enabled me to turn away from all things earthly here, yes, even from those held dearest, and to seek in him, and his everlasting love, my heaven, my *all*. I *earnestly desire* that all undue affection, all that is excessive in earthly feelings, may together with my Saviour be nailed to the cross. Henceforward

I do most earnestly desire to know no will but God's. Oh, that I could for ever act with a single desire for his glory, and account all else but as little worth—*this is my desire;* but oh, my daily shortcomings grieve me; again and again I can only take refuge at the foot of that cross. Oh, Caroline, with what *unspeakable* feelings of joy, and thankful adoring frames shall we together trace the dealings of God with us in the wilderness, when through his divine mercy we shall meet in those blessed mansions purchased and prepared for us by the love of a dying Saviour. There our dear, *ever dear* children are gone before us, and oh, I delight to think of them—no tear in their eyes—no sorrow in their hearts—their little bosoms beating with the purest joy, and as calm, as tranquil as the sea of glass before the throne. Yet a few years it is ours to do his will below, and there *is joy in that*, and then we shall join our voices with theirs for ever. Do give my affectionate regards to Mr. N. I never think of his kind solicitude about my health, without feelings of lively gratitude, should I not be so well I shall write immediately,—and believe me ever

Your affectionately attached sister,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1836.

Not with thy rod,
My gracious God,
Not with thy rod,
But with thy grace and with thy love,
And with thy Spirit from above,
Subdue my inmost soul to thee,
Let me thy full salvation see.
Oh! give me grace
To run my race,
Seeking in *Jesus Christ my only resting-place.*

Pilgrim and stranger here,
To watch without a tear,
Earth's dearest joys decay
And, gone for ever, fade away,
Oh thou! who mighty art to save,
Teach me to look beyond the grave,
With eye intent
On thy dear cross,
All earthly joy to count but loss.
So that at last
This feverish dream of being past,
This aching heart and throbbing breast,
And wearied mind, *all*, all at rest,
I may return to thee my God,
And be for ever blest.

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**Some few reflections, with short meditations on different texts of Scripture, found among the original papers.**

WHAT has to-day done for me? Has it brought me nearer heaven? Has it been devoted to

the service of God, or spent merely in pleasing myself?

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Let this be ever uppermost in my thoughts, that I am an immortal being, only now beginning an existence which will never end; and oh! how much depends upon the use that I make of this, my first state of existence. Let me remember, that every hour comes to me charged with its own duty, and the moment it is spent, returns to heaven to register itself, *how* spent,—O God, help me so to "number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom."

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James iv. 14.—"What is our life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."—According to the manner in which each day is spent, so will our character stand in God's sight. Time is short, life is passing away, ask yourself where is yesterday; numbered with the ages that are gone,—yesterday, with all its joys and sorrows, all its cares and sins, is gone for ever—so, just so, has passed every day since you were born,—so to-day is passing, and with *you* into forgetfulness—it may be to you as if it had never been; but not so with God. In His book every sin is recorded, and

appears to His eye in all its deep colouring, in all its freshness, in all its hatefulness, just as at the first moment of commission.—One day with God is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.—Oh! then take heed to your ways.—What an all-important question, wherewithal shall I come before God? remember to Him we must ere long give an account, and all things are naked and open before Him, with whom we have to do.

We should never go forth from our chamber without serious solemn prayer to God. It is well to reflect, before we address His throne, upon what we are about to do.—Remember who God is—remember what you are, a poor lost perishing sinner, about to speak to the most high God. Collect your thoughts, call to mind your wants, then with the lowest prostration of soul draw nigh to the mercy-seat—then plead with God the merits of your Saviour—see, at the mention of that name, the King of kings holds out the golden sceptre—draw nigh with faith, with *humble affectionate confidence*—now tell Him all your sorrows—confess to Him all your sins—pour out your heart before him. Remember, no word spoken to God from a heart *deeply sensible* of its wants—of its sins—of its helplessness can be lost,—every word will ascend up before the throne, sprinkled with the sweet incense of a Saviour's

blood, and every word return again laden with a Father's blessing to your soul,—so strengthened, go fearlessly forward to meet the events of the day. Let what will come, you are safe—safe for time—safe for eternity.—Oh ! the blessedness, the privilege of that soul which " has fled for refuge, to lay hold on the hope set before us ; which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."

O Lord my God, to thee belong,
The morning praise, the evening song,
Each hour, each moment, would I raise
Fresh Ebenezers to thy praise.

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As nothing but sin can separate the soul from God, so nothing but sin ought really to damp our joy. It is the christian's privilege *to rejoice.* The joy of the Lord is his strength. O my soul, is this thy experience ? Dost thou feel this inward joy in a crucified Saviour ? Art thou leaning on His omnipotent arm ; resting on His covenant faithfulness, and unchanging love ?

" From every sin that soul must flee,
That seeks *repose*, O Lord, in *Thee.*"

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Oh ! my much-loved Saviour, what shall I render unto thee for all thy mercies ? When I look back upon the long illness which thou hast

been pleased in infinite mercy and love, to bring me through; when I recollect all thy faithfulness and truth; that *no arm but thine* has supported me—no love but thine has soothed me—upon no bosom but thine have I rested my aching weary head,—O my God! I am filled with gratitude and adoring praise—"Because thou *hast been my help*, therefore under the shadow of thy wings *will I rejoice*."

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The glorious sun has stepped forth this morning from his chamber with magnificent brightness; beneath the splendour of his beams the snow has all melted away; at the brightness of his countenance the hoary frost has gathered up his garments, and has fled to the innermost recesses of his own dark caves, for ever gloomy, and for ever sad; no kindly feeling ever for one moment cheers his cold, cold bosom; no smile of joy ever illumes his cheerless eye. He is gone, and all nature revives—all nature rejoices, and shall not I rejoice? Yes, O my God! so let the bright beams of thy love melt and subdue my frozen heart, so shine into my soul, and let the magnificence of thy beauty so satisfy my heart, so draw my affections to thyself, O thou centre of all joy, thou eternal and uncreated excellence, that earth may lose its hold, that sin may wither and die, or flee away

like the frost, to its own dark caves, so shall my whole soul rejoice in thee my God—so shall all the affections of my heart expand with holy freedom, and *repose* in thee for ever.

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Look at that beautiful mountain, the clouds *seem* to *rest* upon its summit; but they do not, they cannot. Its top has *pierced through them*, and they find *there* no *resting-place*. So is it with all earthly things. My soul, learn a lesson from these clouds. Oh! learn no more so fondly to rest upon any created good. "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him."

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Letters are unsatisfactory—friends are unsatisfactory—all earthly things are unsatisfactory. In God alone, known to me in the gospel of His son, is *nothing* that disappoints; oh! my soul, wait thou *only* upon God.

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Not but that a Christian feels, and perhaps far more *keenly* feels, than a worldly character, the loss of those he has dearly loved; but still his heart reposes in God. And when the first wild throb of anguish is past, there is a calmness, a sacred joy in his quiet submission, which the world knoweth not.

### On being told by her Daughter it was a sad gloomy Morning.

Oh! many a joyous morn, my love,
Succeeds a night of sorrow,
And many a gloomy day, my child
May bring a bright to-morrow.
Then let us onward speed our way,
Rejoicing amidst sorrow,
The griefs which press us down to-day,
May all be gone to-morrow.
And, oh! at last will come a day,
All bright and free from sorrow,
And that eternal day of joy
Shall fear no dark to-morrow.

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Beware of the fascinations of poetry, music, and drawing; these from their very refinements and elegance, imperceptibly injure the spirituality of the mind. Beware of the poetry of religion, of indulging in fine feelings and exalted sentiments, which however delightful to a refined and imaginative mind, renders us unfit for the dull routine of daily duties, and the solid requirements of real religion. God does not require us always to be in a state of spiritual ectasy and excitement, but "to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God."

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It appears to me that our lives as Christians are much too easy—too easy even for our own happiness and enjoyment in the Christian life. We have so much of this world's good, that we forget we are here but as strangers and pilgrims. We are so much at ease, that we look not to Jesus Christ as our spirit's resting-place. We dwell in so much security, that we fly not to Him as our refuge. Our wants are so well supplied, that we scarcely know what a life of faith means. Self-denial makes but a small part of our religion. We know very little what it is to take Christ as our *all-satisfying portion*, and to count all things but dross for his sake; no wonder that we go on our way mournfully. Most assuredly we have no right to expect that holy and abiding joy which those early Christians enjoyed, who ate their bread with groans, and mingled their drink with tears, whom nothing disheartened,—to whom loss of fortune, loss of friends, cold, hunger, nakedness, and the sword were welcome, so that they might be found in Christ. Let us not then be gloomy, or cast down in looking on the times of trouble, which seem to be approaching. Should the great Captain of our salvation call us to suffer for His sake, He will arm us for the conflict, and we shall be happy, in passing through any fiery trial that may be appointed to us for His glory.

GENESIS i. 2.—"The earth was without form and void," &c. How exactly does this describe the human heart, a perfect chaos, void, and dark, till the Spirit of God moves upon it, and he says, "Let there be light." Oh! then, the darkness disperses, light, and life, and order succeed to the mass of confusion and chaos. What a change! every feeling, every affection of the heart becomes holy to the Lord, for the light of God shines upon it. How little can the turbulent scenes of earth disturb the repose of a heart *so* enlightened; how little can the joys of earth add to its brightness; or the sorrows of earth diminish its lustre.

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1 JOHN ii. 15.—"Love not the world; neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." O my God! how very little do I know what this means,—*so to love thee,* that the love of the world may be altogether subdued, annihilated in my breast. O my Saviour, help me so to contemplate thy eternal perfection, so to meditate upon thy never-dying love, that the world with all its honours, and all its splendours, and all its vanities, may fade away in my estimation, into their real nothingness. Lord! help me to love thee with a perfect love; to surrender up to *thee* my whole soul: to pluck out a right eye, to cut off the

right hand which would keep me back from thee. Thou knowest, O Lord, that my soul longs for *more spiritual life, more deadness to the world,* and to have all my earthly anxieties calmed down into "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

All here is deceptive, and empty, and vain
The world is one great Panorama;
Very fine are the scenes it presents to our view,
And we look till we really believe they are true,
And then act our part in the drama.

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I FIND all other knowledge but of little value, compared with the knowledge of my Bible. In this one sacred volume, I learn the true cause of all my sorrows, all my sufferings,—and blessed be God, I find also a solace for all,—a hope so full of glory, that it makes these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, absolutely welcome. I learn, that "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by siu,"—that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners,"—that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself,"—that man is redeemed, pardoned, accepted, justified, sanctified, in the renewal of his mind, day by day, after the image of Him who created him,—to the subjection of every thought, every wish, to the will of God, every affection of the soul purified; that being at peace with God through Jesus Christ,

his soul rises to his reconciled Father day by day. Heaven seems already begun,—he has only to die to make that heaven eternal.

O my God and Saviour! let me never forget, that it is to *thee*, and *thee alone*, that we owe this great salvation. Thou didst die to atone for man's sins. Thou didst rise again from the tomb, to plead thy merits before the throne of God the Father, and to carry on thy work of grace in the hearts of thy redeemed people; and to thy name shall be all the praise from first to last. "To Him that loved us, and hath washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen."

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Look around upon this wide world, so beautiful, but so lost,—beautiful in creation, but lost by man's sin. Look round upon it just before the flood, and what do we find? One only man who feared God,—all the rest having "every imagination of their heart only evil, and that continually." Look again at the state of the world at the time of the Saviour's birth;—every nation, even Greece and Rome, *wholly* given up to idolatry, and the Jews themselves, who had some knowledge of the true God because he had revealed himself to them from time to time; yet even *there* "the whole

head was sick." Isaiah i. 5. What do these *facts* teach us,—what is the doctrine deducible from them? That, as it regards God, man has naturally no desire after him—no love towards him, and could be quite as happy, if not happier, in his forgetfulness that there is any such Being; even an amiable man, one who would do all the good he could for the happiness of his fellow-creatures, yet naturally seeks no portion of his happiness in *God*,—the world has a thousand charms for him; but when does he retire from that world, and seek his best joy in communion with his God?—by nature, *never*. There may be much good feeling between man and man, but *this* is not religion. The spiritual life is truly said to differ from the merely moral one, as animal motion differs from mechanical motion, or as a man walking differs from a clock going,—the clock may go *well*, but has not animal life, and a man may walk *well*, yet have no spiritual life. How great is that power that worketh in us who believe,—what a wonderful change is wrought upon us,—a change so *known* and *felt*, that "old things pass away, and all things become new." 2 Cor. v. 17.

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The *cross—the cross*, is the golden vision, to which the eye of the Christian warrior for ever turns,—upon which the eye of the weary pilgrim

ever rests, as he journeys onwards towards his much longed-for home,—towards which, as his last, his only hope, the heavy-laden sinner turns, and raising his tearful eye, feels for the first time, a beam of mercy thrilling through his inmost soul, and speaking peace to his troubled breast. 'Then plunge thy thirsty blade into my breast.'

'O groundless depths! oh love beyond degree,
Th' offended dies, to set the offender free.'

"Loose him and let him go, I have found a ransom." *This is the Gospel.*

'Where shall the tribes of Adam find,
The sovereign good to fill the mind?
Ye sons of moral wisdom, show
The spring whence living waters flow.

In vain I ask—for nature's power
Extends but to this mortal hour;
'Twas but a poor relief she gave
Against the terrors of the grave.

Jesus, our kinsman, and our God,
Arrayed in majesty and blood,
Thou art our life;—our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity.

All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee our surety, and our head;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

Oh, let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, to taste thy love.'

I OFTEN wonder at myself, when I calmly and quietly take a view of the nearness and certainty of the day of trial. When I remember *the all* that is at stake, and then think for a moment of what I have been doing all my life long,—the vanity and worldliness, and utter nothingness, which has engrossed so much of my time and thoughts, I am overwhelmed;—what should we be doing, but living to Him, who has bought us with *His own blood?* nothing else will do.

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THE spirit of God surely strives with the soul of every man, at least every one who is born in a land called Christian, and who is baptized in the name of Christ, and who hears the doctrines, or some of the doctrines, of Christianity. This belief does not interfere with the doctrine of original sin, or the alienation of fallen man from his God. What is the lowest interpretation to be put on Romans v. 18—"As by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so, by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life?" Christ died for *all*, though all are not saved ultimately. The greatest misery of the eternally lost, will be the remembrance of how often they quenched and slighted, and neglected, and smothered, the strivings of the Spirit within them.

"ACQUAINT now thyself with God, and be at peace." Job xxii. 21.—God, *out of Christ*, is a consuming fire,—*in Him*, a reconciled Father. How blessed is it, thus to know God, as redeemed by the blood of the cross. When by faith we see our sins pardoned, then we *feel* the constraining influence of the love of Christ; and this begets a holy filial fear of offending him, and of grieving his Holy Spirit. The consciousness of being accepted of God in Jesus his beloved Son, gives a *sacred peacefulness of spirit*, which, if sin in any shape is yielded to, is interrupted and lost immediately. Who can tell the sweet peace which flows into the soul *so resting* upon God; or how, when sin destroys this, there is *no rest*, until sprinkled afresh by the blood of Jesus. "How can we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?"—it cannot be. There is a holy shrinking from sin, which continually increases, in the *one desire* to live to the glory of the Saviour, as the image of that Saviour becomes more and more stamped upon the soul.

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JOHN v. 6.—"When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he said unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?"—What a question! "Wilt thou be made whole?" My soul, it is put to thee. O Lord God, help me to say from

my inmost soul—Yes, yes, thou Son of the most high God, make me whole as thou didst the poor impotent man; cleanse my soul from the leprosy of sin; say to me as to the poor leper, "I will, be thou clean." O my Saviour, from *first* to *last*, *thou* art my *only* hope, a poor perishing self-destroyed sinner—I come to thee again and again. 'Thou must save, and thou alone.'

'Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to *thy cross I cling*.'

But O my God, give me to feel more and more daily, hourly, *the power* of that cross.—Oh! that every sin may be crucified. Oh! that the love of the world, the love of sin in every shape, were nailed to the cross for ever. To know Christ in *the power* of his resurrection.—What does this mean? Surely, to be raised again in newness of life.—O my God and Saviour, help me to love thee, help me to serve thee, help me to be thine, and only thine for ever.

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Nehemiah ix. 21.—"Yea, forty years didst thou sustain the children of Israel in the wilderness, so that they lacked nothing. Their clothes waxed not old, and their feet swelled not."—Surely thou art a God of faithfulness and truth, when did ever any trust in thee, and were disappointed? O my

God, *I, even I,* a poor sinful weak child of man, even I desire to testify of thy faithfulness and truth.—This day completes forty-six years of weariness, and of sin, and of frequent sorrow;—Oh! how often in that time have I murmured against thee,—how hast thou forgiven me, and again made waters to flow in the desert. How hast thou followed and prevented me, and hedged me in when I would have gone astray from thee; and chastened, and corrected, and subdued, and kept me. How hast thou had patience, and borne with all my impatience—all my coldness, all my self-will.—How hast thou supplied all my wants, so that I have lacked nothing.—How has mercy, and tenderness, and love been mixed in every cup of sorrow, which thou hast given me to drink, and almost led me to forget its bitterness.—My God! my soul is full of praise and thanksgiving, when I remember all thy loving-kindness to me, from my youth up. Here then I raise my Ebenezer, hitherto thou hast helped me, Thou, Lord, hast been my dwelling-place for many a long year. My soul resteth in thee and is satisfied. But how hast thou taught me this? I can scarcely tell, yet, for ever blessed be thy name, *thou hast* taught me—Thou hast taken from me many an idol; thou hast not suffered me to rest where I could have sought my rest, and perhaps have been satisfied. Oh! thou hast called me to feel with many a

tear, that all here is vanity—that nothing is true but thyself. Nothing, *nothing* but thyself can satisfy an immortal soul. O Lord my God! I thank thee for *all*—and in all that is yet to come of life, I leave myself to thy faithful care, to thy covenant everlasting love.

> How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
> The soul that rests in thee.

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Psalm lxi. 2.—"From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I."—"When Peter was beginning to *sink*," Oh! then it was that he sent forth that earnest cry, "*Lord! save me.*"—Thou compassionate Saviour, like Peter I cry unto thee, "*Lord! save me,*" as wave after wave of affliction rolls over my soul. Stretch out thine arm to me, as thou didst to Peter, that I sink not in the mighty waters. "*Immediately* Jesus stretched out his hand and caught him."—Not a moment could his compassion endure to see his servant *sinking*. Oh! what a moment of unspeakable bliss was that to Peter, worth whole hours of suffering. "My Lord and my God!" so let me feel thy hand supporting me, I shall not then sink. As the shadow of a rock in a weary land, so hast thou been to me in my journey hitherto through the wilderness, and so wilt thou

be until life's last sigh shall breathe out my soul to thee.

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Romans viii. 38, 39.—"For I am persuaded, that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." O my soul, then what hast thou to fear?—*Nothing* but *sin*. God is immutable in his promises, and they are all yea, and amen in Christ Jesus. His character is unchangeable—His faithfulness and truth remain for ever sure—His love changes not—Nothing, nothing but sin can separate the soul from God. Oh! when will sin be hated with a perfect hatred—when wilt thou, O God, reign over every thought, and every feeling, and every desire of my soul—Thou, and thou only for ever.

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2 Peter i. 16.—"We have not followed cunningly devised fables."—No, blessed be God, we have not, *facts* are before our eyes. Jesus Christ has died for our sins, and risen again for our justification; he has gone into the heavens, and the mercy seat has been sprinkled with his blood; he has opened to us a new and living way, through the

veil which has been rent from the top to the bottom, into the holiest of all—we have boldness, a *holy* confidence in the mercy of our God, through his own beloved Son. O my God, "thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." I would ever trust simply to thine own promise; weak and trembling in myself; in *Thee*,—No! not the wildest billow that rolls shall overwhelm me. "Remember, O Lord, the word unto thy servant, upon which *thou hast caused me to hope.*" Am I not now coming to the borders of the promised land, after being led of thee in thy faithfulness, many years in the wilderness? O my Saviour, do not turn me back to wander again in the same for unbelief on my part—for want of faith to cross the river Jordan, and to go in and take possession. But, good Lord, in sickness, or in health, in joy, or in sorrow, may thy will be done, may thy name be glorified in and by me.

---

**The following Lines were written on the death of a beloved Child, 1818.**

My God, I own thy sentence just
Which lays my fondest hopes in dust;
I bow to the severe decreee,
And yield my sweetest child to thee.

But very long my soul must mourn,
My child from my embraces torn,
And while it beats, my heart must feel,
That she is gone I loved so well.

Farewell, my Jane, my own sweet Jane,
Nor sorrow thou, nor grief, nor pain,
Shall ever know, my child, again.
Nor needest thou thy mother there
To dry thy tears, to soothe thy care.

Safe lodged within thy Saviour's arms,
Methinks I see thy infant charms,
Oh thou art happy now and blest,
*Would I were with thee,* and at rest.

---

## The Resurrection Morning.

THE IDEA:

AN ANGEL JUST AWAKING A SPIRIT FROM THE TOMB.

**Spirit,**

What is this calm holy dawning,
These bright beams which round me play?

**Angel,**

'Tis the resurrection morning,
'Tis the dawn of endless day;
Child of immortality,
Awake, arise, and come away.

Spirit,

Joy through every sense is thrilling,
Strains seraphic meet mine ear,
Glory all my soul is filling,
Yet, oh, yet I linger here;
Midst yon glorious throng resplendent,
Tell me, how shall I appear?

Angel,

Child of glory, heaven awaits thee,
Joy is beaming on thy brow,
Thou hast done with earthly feelings,
Thou hast done with trembling now,
Take this golden harp, and fearless
Let thy strains of rapture flow.

See these robes of pearly whiteness
Sent thee by the King of kings,
They are thine, with all their brightness;
Ransomed spirit, stretch thy wings:
Join yon holy strain triumphant,
Hark! thro' heaven's expanse it rings,

Both together as they mount,
Glory! glory! glory!
Glory! to the King of kings.

---

## Altered from Moore's.

Though life is all a fleeting show,
For man's probation given;
The joys which from religion flow,
Can gild the darkest hour of woe,
And point the soul to heaven.

And though the light on glory's plume,
Shall fade as hues of even ;
Yet love, and joy, and beauty's bloom,
Shall rise immortal from the tomb,
And all beyond is heaven.

Tho' wanderers thro' a stormy day,
Yet prospects bright are given
And truth's mild beam, religious ray,
Shall serve to light the troubled way,
Which leads to bliss and heaven.

---

## Lines addressed to the large White Lily.

All beauteous flower, thou art
An emblem of what my heart
Sighs evermore to be ;
Sublime in thy simplicity,
Glowing in bright sincerity,
So passionless thy purity.
I *wish* I were like thee !

---

## To a Friend—Mrs. B—.

Oh, tell me, hast thou ever known,
One joy unmixed with sorrow ?
The smiles on thy young cheek which shone,
When youth's fond hopes were all thy own,
Fled they not with the morrow ?

And oh! as years have speeded by,
And earth's best joys have blest thee;
Say, does thy bosom own no sigh,
Trembles no tear-drop in thine eye,
At memory of days gone bye.
Of friends who once caressed thee?

And is there not some fond regret,
Still in thy bosom nourished?
For those thy heart can ne'er forget,
For friendships recollected yet,
Perhaps too fondly cherished?

It must be so, and yet we prize
Each momentary blessing;
As earnests of those brighter joys,
Which wait our souls beyond the skies,
Oh! *they* are worth possessing.

And welcome is the sacred tear,
Affection's purest witness;
And to my inmost soul as dear,
As aught that charms the spirit here,
'Tis friendship all refined and clear,
'Tis joy without its lightness.

So, when thy form, so dearly loved,
Whose friendship I so well have proved.
No longer comes to cheer me;
Tho' joy around my soul may throw
Her richest, brightest, warmest glow,
One sacred silent tear shall flow,
That thou'rt no longer near me.

What are all the joys of earth,
Oh, my soul, how little worth ;
Human life is full of trouble,
Human joy is but a bubble.
Human words are *not*, when spoken ;
Human bonds, how soon they're broken ;
Human hopes, they too are vain,
And hours gone bye ne'er come again ;
And human tears too often prove,
How fragile is the thing we love.
Oh ! there is *nothing* here,
Nothing but what *must* die ;
Then turn thy ardent gaze,
To brighter worlds on high.

---

O Lord my God ! when thou art near
No earthly grief is worth a tear ;
And sorrow, bitter though it be,
*Wrings not the heart* that rests in thee.

Thy glory beaming on the soul
Can every earthly care control ;
As darkness flies at the first dawn,
All beauteous, of a summer's morn.

O Lord my God ! thy love shall be
Brighter than summer suns to me,
For summer suns, however bright,
Withdraw their beams from coming night.

Not so thy love, when sorrows come,
Then, softly breaking through the gloom
With more than wonted lustre bright
It shines, and all around is light.

And all is peace, the soul is calm
The wounded spirit finds a balm,
A sacred joy amidst its woe
Which only from thy love can flow.

Then welcome every earthly woe,
Which teaches me thy love to know;
That love so boundless, rich, and free,
My portion through eternity.

---

## A Latin Prayer composed by Mary, Queen of Scots, just before her execution.

O Domine Deus, speravi in te!
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me!
In durâ catenâ, in miserâ pœnâ, desidero te!
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me!

---

### A TRANSLATION.

Oh God! thou most high! all my hope is in thee,
Oh Jesu my Saviour! now, now set me free.
In bondage distressing, in grief ever pressing,
I am pining for thee.
All fainting and weeping, and prostrate before thee,
In sighs I adore thee, in anguish implore thee,
Speak only the word, and my soul shall be free.

H. W.

Come, Holy Spirit, come,
And fill this lonely breast ;
Come fill my heart with love divine,
And soothe my soul to rest.

Bid earthly passions bend
Before thy pure control,
Come, purify my inmost thoughts,
And sanctify my soul.

Come with thy holy joy
Thy peaceful deep repose,
And lift my heart above the world,
With all its joys and woes.

Come with thy fire of love,
That holy sacred flame ;
Oh ! let it burn 'till all refined
This sinking, dying frame.

Burn till my soul become
Pure as thy holy light ;
Nor one unhallowed feeling quench,
That flame so pure and bright.

My God ! it cannot be,—
To thy dear cross I haste,
And at its foot with all her sins
My trembling soul I cast.

For oh ! it cannot be,
Nor will be till that hour,
When death's cold hand the soul shall free,
From sin's polluting power.

Then spotless, pure and bright,
Cleansed in the Saviour's blood,
Shall nature's last expiring sigh,
Breathe out the soul to God.

Oh *then*, that flame shall burn
For ever pure and bright,
And all around, and all within,
Be pure and blissful and serene,
As heaven's own azure light.

---

Jesus! thou art the sinner's friend,
Thou art his only plea,
In thee for safety I depend,
For life I look to thee;
Each other hope I cast aside,
And cling to Jesus crucified.

Sinful is all I am or have,
Nothing can make me whole,
Nothing but Jesu's blood can save
My sin-polluted soul;
Oh then! I trample on my pride,
And fly to Jesus crucified.

The world, with all its sinful charms,
Shall never tempt me more,
I'll think of all my Saviour's love,
And tell his sufferings o'er;
'Tis then I tread on all beside,
And love my Saviour crucified.

But yet my best resolves are weak,
To thee, O Lord, I flee,
For ever fix my wandering heart,
And bind my soul to thee;
Let nothing here my thoughts divide,
But all my pleasure, all my pride,
Be lost in Jesus crucified.

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## WRITTEN IN ILLNESS.

In all my restless weariness,
My God, if thou art near me,
My spirit feels no loneliness,
Thy love alone can cheer me.

Tho' many a night of watchfulness
And painfulness be mine,
Be thou my spirit's resting-place,
And I need not repine.

Pillowed upon thy bosom, Lord,
Thy love thrown round my soul,
My spirit almost rests in heaven,
Tho' clouds around me roll.

Thy love is the fair heritage
To ransom'd spirits given,
Thy spirit breathing thro' the soul
For ever—*this is heaven.*

## THE AGED PILGRIM.

'Oh where dost thou come from, poor weary old man?
Oh, where is thy cottage, thy home?'
'Ah! Lady, no cottage on earth I call mine,
No home for these limbs but the tomb.

'I have wander'd for many and many a mile,
And I'm weary, and weak, and distress'd.
Yet Lady, you need not compassionate me,
Tho' on earth I have no place of rest.'

'Poor weary old man, I could weep over thee;
Yet say, does *no* hope cheer thy breast?
Dost thou think when beneath the green turf thou art laid,
Thy soul with thy body will rest?'

'No, Lady, Oh no! the blest hour is at hand,
When this spirit for ever set free,
Shall soar to its mansion of bliss in the skies,
To a home there, all purchased for me.

'Oh! I never have wished for a home upon earth,
Where joy is still mingled with pain;
Where the tints of the rainbow, tho' beauteous and bright,
Only shine amid droppings of rain.

'Oh! I never have sought for a resting-place here,
Where sin such defilement has spread,
In a world which has lost and forsaken its God,
And where *all is*—or dying, or dead.

'There was *one* lovely flower—Oh ages are gone—
Yes—I loved it, and watch'd as it grew;
All lovely and gentle its blossom unclosed—
*Then* it *wither'd*, and sunk from my view.

'My heart learned its lesson, and now then, I said,
The thorn and the thistle may grow;
They best suit a soil so polluted as this,
No home upon earth will I know.

'Dear Lady—look up, see that *deep azure blue*,
Oh! is it not peaceful and pure?
Oh! does it not speak of *eternal repose*,
Of a blessedness holy and sure?

'Oh lady! dear lady! my cottage is there,
And *there* is my home and my rest,
And now I just wait, till the hour shall come,
When these poor wearied limbs may lie down in the tomb,
And my spirit in Jesus be blest.'

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## Letters to Miss A.

### LETTER I.

When I received your very welcome letter, my very dear friend, I think nearly three weeks since, I intended nothing less than to have let it remain so long unanswered; but so it is, weeks pass so insensibly away, each day bringing with it its full occupation, together with its own cares and anxieties, and I will add its own mercies too, that I seldom write to friends when I mean and wish to

do it, and then have to take up time with apologies. I will not do this now, but must assure you I was most happy to recognize your hand writing.

I would commit the whole matter which you mention, with all my hopes and fears, into the hands of that God who alone knoweth what is best for his children, feeling assured that the beloved child of my heart is in better hands than mine; and *more than content*, that if it were needful for him, he should be disciplined and schooled by the same Almighty hand which has disciplined the wayward heart of his mother, until at length she has learned in some little measure to say, "Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Of this I have long been sure, that a quiet submission to the will of God, robs sorrow of half its bitterness, and is the only becoming state of feeling for creatures so sinful, so weak, so little knowing even what would be for our earthly happiness; and as to our eternal, oh, if we were left to our own wayward wills, I believe we should take *any road* rather than that which would lead us to heaven.

I am rejoiced to hear so very nice an account of dear Mrs. A—; it must be quite edifying to all around her, to witness that meetness for glory you mention. Oh, how happy to feel that she has done with all below, that henceforth there is laid up for her a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give her at that

day. I often think there is a sweetness in the *evening* of life, a *calm deep feeling* of *settled joy*, which neither youth nor middle age can have an idea of,—no longer agitated by earthly hopes and fears, having learned at last to see every thing in its *true light*, and to see that *trifles are trifles*, and that only one object is vast enough, and grand enough to absorb and overwhelm every other. Have you never watched a fine setting sun, on a calm summer's eve? Is not the golden, peaceful light just then shed all around, something far more beautiful, more touching than all the brilliancy of the noon-day? And is not this like what you feel when you look at your dear mother? I almost envy her; should I ever live to see her age, may my evening be as blest.

I think I have nothing but mercies to tell you of, and yet my poor earthly heart will at times feel anxious. You know perhaps that it must be so, and can excuse me, and yet is it not our privilege to know that all things are ordered for us by infinite wisdom and *infinite love*,—and for the dear children too? What abiding consolation is there in being able to cast all our care upon him, believing that he careth for us. Oh, keep your eye steadily, fixedly, simply *looking to Jesus*, it will strength you to perform every duty in running the Christian race that is set before us. *Just now* I feel as if the winter was past, the rain over and

gone; as if the brightness of the sunshine that was about to cheer my latter end would make me forget the sorrows that have been. But it is my *best joy* to be able to leave *every thing* with God. *You too*, my dear friend, I think, have had to learn this lesson. Oh, it is happy for us when we are enabled *at last* to turn away from all created good, and find the joy of the Lord to be our strength. "This is the will of God, even our sanctification." Can we sincerely pray that *that will* may be accomplished in us? Oh, my own prayers have often made me tremble.

With much affection I remain,

Your's very truly,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1835.

## LETTER II.

My dear Friend,

I am so glad to hear that you are beginning to gain strength after your severe illness, and I trust the amendment will go on until you can say "*quite well.*" You must determine *now*, and summon all your resolution, *not to mind yourself;* it seems an odd thing to say, but I have so often found it necessary to come to this. When therefore you feel nervous sensations of weakness, follow my prescription. I have had so much to do with weak nerv-

ous people, and have myself suffered so much in this way, that I have learned how to prescribe as well as a doctor. Yes, my dear friend, *it is good* to be afflicted; it is good, though "no chastening for the present is joyous, yet afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness." Happy, happy those to whom chastening is thus blessed. The sinner brought home to his God, the child to the bosom of his Father, almost trembles to lift his head for a moment from that bosom, fearing even to look at that world which has heretofore in so many ways, (known only to the searcher of hearts,) drawn him away from his only true resting-place. He fears again to come in contact with influences, from which his soul has suffered, and would gladly remain in his peaceful chamber. Oh, I could quite enter into the mind of the recluse, but this is *not religion.* While we are in the world, daily duties are ours, from which we must not shrink; and as returning health gives us power, we must "buckle on our armour, take up our cross, and follow Christ." These words have much occupied my mind of late. What do they mean, my dear friend? Which of us acts in this way? Dear John has called my attention of late so much in all his letters to this point. What is true religion? Which of us *lives* as true disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ ought to live? To know Christ in *the power of his resurrection,* is what my soul long-

eth for more and more; to have the whole body of sin crucified and buried with him in his grave; and with him to rise again to newness of heart and life. I am convinced that Christians are too content with their own shortcomings; too apt, if I may venture to say so, to stop short at the doctrine of the atonement. Do not mistake me. I full well know that this doctrine is *the foundation,* the grand doctrine upon which all the superstructure rests:—but the resurrection to eternal life, for is not eternal life already begun in the soul?—this is religion: "Because I live ye shall live also." "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God," &c. Tell me when you write again, if you agree with me; read in 'The Christian Year,' the seventeenth and eighteenth Sundays after Trinity, and mark that verse beginning—

'If while around thee,'

and that—

'Lord, wave again thy chastening rod.'

But I must turn to subjects now of a different kind, yet deeply *interesting* to us both. I quite agree with you in all your remarks on the approaching marriage of your *dear much-loved niece,* with *my own dear John,* and all that Mr. D. says on the subject. You know how perfectly satisfied

I have been, and shall ever be with his decisions. John tells me he looked at a house at Cambridge, where he might live as the Vicar of Madingly, and which Mr. D— expressed his approbation of. This was very pleasing. I love the name of Madingly, and wish it had been a better living, or rather *could* wish so, that there they might have pitched their tent for years. I rather think that the same living in Lincolnshire which was offered to John some time ago, will soon be at his option again. We heard from *dearest E*— a few days since, she gave a good account of your dear Mother, but not a very good one of herself, she had a cold again; she should take *great care of herself.*

Give my best regards to all,
And believe me ever your
affectionate friend,
H. W.

*Chettle*, 1837.

## LETTER III.

The following Letter was written to Miss D——, when past all hope of recovery.

My own dear E.

I know not how to tell you, *my beloved child*, how grieved I am to find that you are no better, but rather suffering more from weakness and

cough. My first feeling and the wish of my heart is to come and assist in nursing you; but this I am unable to do from the very declining state of my own health. I do long to be with you *so very much.* You know not half how I love you, and how very necessary you seem to have become to my heart. Oh, my child, my dearly-loved child! I know you are in the hands of a father so merciful, so tender, so good, so faithful and true, that I try to commit you *altogether* to his love and tender care; and this is my only consolation, for you are *his own child.* Long since you were enabled through grace to choose him for your inheritance, and to give up a vain perishing world, and he will not forsake you now. Oh no, it cannot be, sooner far shall heaven and earth pass away than his faithfulness shall fail. His own everlasting arm of love shall support you. Oh, my child! commit yourself *altogether to him* for time and eternity. You are as safe as the promises of God can make you, redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, every sin blotted out from the book of God's remembrance for ever, a glorious inheritance, and that fadeth not away, among the saints in glory, *purchased for you,* and which, sooner or later, awaits you. You have nothing now, my dear child, to disturb your peace of mind, just quietly then give yourself up into his hands, who loves you better than any earthly friend can, and let *nothing*

make you anxious. Oh, I could earnestly pray that he may yet prolong your life; you know it is nothing to him "to save by many or by few," and though you are now so weak, he can raise you up again and restore you to strength, if such be his blessed will. I *know*, my dearest child, what is *now* your greatest trial, as well as if you told me. Oh yes, and I know how earthly love does chain the soul down to earth, and will not let it go, but God can and will bless this, even this trial to you. Commit *every thing, yourself, your dear J——* and every thing that concerns either of you, just quietly into the hands of your almighty, all-merciful God and Saviour, and there leave them. Oh, he will do *more* for you than either you can ask or think. He will, dear E——. He will, *do not fear.* Only put your *whole trust* in him—look up to him with perfect and affectionate confidence,—remember his own immutable promises, "Call upon *me* in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Oh, he never yet disappointed the hopes of one *who leant upon him.* Your dear father can testify to you of his faithfulness and truth, for he has experienced them. Give him my most affectionate regards, with many thanks for his letter. Dearest, dearest E——, I will write to you again soon, do not try to write to me, I know you must not attempt it; send me a message, and

tell whichever of your sisters writes to me, to tell it me in your own exact words.

Ever and ever, your's most affectionately,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1837.

## LETTER IV.

My dearest Friend,

I scarce know how to write to you, and yet *wish* to write. *All is well*, yes *I know it*,—but such a weight is on my heart day and night, that silence suits me best. I love to sit alone and keep silence. *It is the Lord*, and *may his will be done*. You know how truly I loved her. She was to me as my *very own*. There was something to me so affecting in her character, in the unreserved manner in which she was attached to my poor dear son, something about her so sweet, so unearthly, that I never thought of her but with a love and tenderness I could not express,—and *she is gone*—true, I know her pure spirit is in the midst of those joys which eye hath not seen nor ear heard; I would not recal her to this world of pain, yet I feel every moment she is no longer here: she no longer breathes and lives, and moves in this world, and then, in a moment, my thoughts turn to my own dear son, and I am deeply affected.

Yet do not mistake me; no, my dear friend, do not think that, for one short moment, I doubt *the love of God.* In all that has, in all that ever shall befal me or mine, I own a Father's hand, I see a Father's love. My fond affection would fain have shielded him I love so dearly from *such a sorrow;* but God has taken him out of my hands, from my management, and has undertaken himself now to train his child for his own immediate presence. *I* give way in thankful, adoring, weeping silence. I wish you could read his letters. Oh! my God, sustain him, for it is a painful triumph. He says, "we parted with prayer, and we shall meet again with praise." She said to him in the prospect of death, "It is only for a little while," and he adds, "No, it will be only for a little while;" but, bitter as has been the cup presented to him by his Father's hand, has there not been *much* of mercy? We must not forget this: I see much of mercy and love in *the whole*, and *he* will see this more by and bye. My dear friend, I can write on no other subject—do you wonder? No! neither will you be surprized to hear, that my own health seems to be rapidly declining. I do not yet know whether I shall leave Chettle for the coming winter. I desire to have no will of my own. May the will of God be done, be that will what it may.

Tell dear S—— how much I feel for her. Oh!

how many tears she must have shed for her dear sister, but she is in heaven. Will she not follow her there? Tell her not to try to forget that *last sad day;* but often, very often, to retire into her own room, and there, alone with God, call to mind, the example, the gentleness, the love, the self-denying patience, all the Christian graces which shone so sweetly and so brightly, in her dear departed sister, and then beg for grace to follow her footsteps as she followed Christ. And now, my dear friend, what shall I say more? this is but a pilgrimage, a school in which we must meet *with discipline*, and if it must *needs be severe*, it is yet in mercy, the tenderest mercy; and the time *will* come, when we shall bless our heavenly Father for every tear we have shed. Oh, my friend! how painful now will be our meeting; but, no, we will not weep, but rejoice.

Ever your attached friend,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1837.

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For him no more the violet sweet,
Breathes in spring's earliest gales,
For him no more the summer sun
Shines fair in Rushmore vales.

And yet the primrose is as fair,
And the violet is as blue;
And the sun shines fair in those lovely vales,
As it was wont to do.

But not for him—the spring may smile,
And the sweetest spring-flowers blow;
They're withered all—those joys which once
Taught his young heart to glow.

Well, let them go! and if sometimes
Remembrances too dear,
Wring from that bosom the deep sigh,
From that blue eye the tear.

My child! my child! oh turn above
To him who bled for thee;
Oh turn from every earthly thought
And gaze on Calvary.

Yes, gaze on him, who all alone,
His weary pathway trod;
Alone his cup of suffering took,
Gaze on thy dying God.

Gaze till thy throbbing heart is still,
And dried the scalding tear,
Till all thy soul absorbed in God,
Loses its sorrows there.

## LETTER V.

My dear Friend,

I feel that I ought to have replied long since to your last, but as you know the state of my health now, you will have excused me, and not for one moment have thought me forgetful of you. No, you are too nearly connected with *her*, who was so dear to me, ever to be forgotten by me. Weeks have rapidly passed away; two months are gone since those eyes closed on all here, since that heart ceased to beat, which was all tenderness and truth. Each day, as I think it all over, I weep afresh; yet, oh yet, I would not recal her; there is something so sacred, *so sad*, that mixes with every remembrance of the dear sainted child of God. No, I would not, for the sake even of him who is dear to me as my own soul, I would not call her from her blessedness, to walk through this vale of tears again—even with him. And what shall I tell you of him, as you kindly desire me to do so, without reserve? He has visited us at length, calm, peaceful as ever; at first, you do not perceive the inward struggle of his mind, but I found him often retiring to his own room, and there, in bitter tears, sometimes almost overwhelmed with sorrow; and, since he has left us for Cambridge, he writes, ' Did I not remember and feel that I

am a stranger and a pilgrim on earth, that "I have no owner's part in all this fleetingness," I could scarcely moderate my feelings,' yet his letters breathe a spirit of sweet resignation, and with a true heart he turns to God in Jesus Christ, and in Him, and *only* in Him, finds that which can for one moment stay his soul. To labour in his divine master's vineyard is *all*, he feels, that is now worth living for: may God give him to feel *in this* a happiness, which perhaps is greater than any other on earth. Pray for him, my dear friend, that God will strengthen and uphold him in no common manner.

Do give my best remembrances to dear Mrs. A—: does she yet remember me? we shall meet before very long, tell her, in that bright world where tears do not flow, and *there*—yes, before Jehovah's throne, shall I meet the dear departed E—, who was as dear to me as my very own child. It must be a very anxious time for you now, watching daily the closing of your dear mother's earthly life; may you be supported and strengthened, and carried peacefully through every trying scene which may yet await you. Oh, what weak tremblers we are in ourselves, but strong in Him, who is our life—"*out of weakness made strong.*"

Ever your affectionate friend,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1839.

The following Letters, written to her Son, under the foregoing circumstances of peculiar trial and affliction, will be read, it is believed, with deep interest.

## LETTER I.

My dearest John,

I know how to appreciate the affection which has led you to write in the midst of affliction like yours. Your letters *always* gave me pleasure, and ever will, while it shall please God to prolong my life upon the earth; and though *now* I weep as I read them, yet I would not *but* so *read* and *weep*.

The deep solemnity of your mind under your great, very great bereavement, I cannot be surprised at. You never saw death before, with all its sad, sad appendages. It is an appalling sight, and what must have been your feelings as you looked upon the pale, cold, altered countenance of dear E—, to whom you had been so long, and so tenderly attached. What a *depth* of affliction is yours! your contemplated *marriage* is turned into a *funeral*. Oh! my child, I can scarcely bear to think of you in sorrow like this—*no common sorrow*. It deeply affects a fondly-attached mother's heart. We are all weeping with you—all joy is at an end; no sound of pleasure is heard in

our dwelling—every eye is in tears—every heart is very, *very* sad. It must, indeed, have shaken every fibre of your sorrowful trembling heart, when, as you sought retirement on the morning of the funeral, to mourn your loss, and to lift up your heart to God, the first sound of the church bell fell suddenly on your ear. I can enter into the ten thousand feelings which you name not, that must then have rushed into your distressed mind; but you say, after the first shock was over, you could listen to its slowly-repeated solemn note, summoning the mournful procession to the grave, with some degree, at least, of calm resignation; and that, amidst the multitude of thoughts, and tumultuous feelings of your heart, the desire of that heart was, to be still, and to know that it was in very faithfulness and mercy that God had so afflicted you. I am truly thankful to my heavenly Father for this. He, who has so deeply wounded, will heal; and it is when calling upon Him out of the *depths* of affliction, that we experimentally find, that there is a *divine reality* in his word of promise—that "God is a refuge and strength, a very *present help* in trouble." I well know, my dear valued child, that it is not the first few days of affliction like yours that are the worst; as one remembrance therefore after another returns, tending to fill your mind with sadness, turn again and again to Him, who has power in his hand, and compassion in his

heart, to bind up your broken spirit. Trust Him in his faithfulness—rely upon his promises—believe his own declaration, that he does not willingly afflict the children of men. For purposes at present not known, this frowning Providence hangs over you—but eternity will unfold to you that this sore affliction has befallen you in tender mercy, and is of the loving-kindness of the Lord. It is not a mother's hand that can now wipe away your tears: how would I hasten to do so if I could; and what does this teach me? It is a heavenly Father's hand that *can*—a Father "too wise to err, too good to be unkind." Then "cast your burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." I can write no more—may God himself be very near to you, bless, support, and strengthen you.

Ever and ever your affectionate mother,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1837.

## LETTER II.

No, my affectionate child, you will not make me ill, by relating to me the sorrows of your heart—do not be afraid of that—write again whenever you can, and unburden your whole weight of affliction to your sympathising mother. I can easily believe that you cannot yet half realize the fact, that dear E—— is gone, and that when you

think thereupon, all seems vague and indefinite—but how full of comfort to know that the dear deceased was prepared, and made meet in Jesus for that world, where pain and sorrow and separation are not known. Though often trembling, she clung only to the cross of Christ—here her only hope was fixed for an eternal world, and she has not been disappointed in that hope. *It is realized* in the presence of her Saviour. Her dying expression to a sorrowing sister was, ' Do not weep for me, I trust I am pardoned—I am looking at the cross.'—Full well I know, nothing else will do to look at, but a crucified, risen Redeemer, when the shades of death are gathering round our pillow. There is a peace, a joy, a support, in the contemplation of His redeeming love, which nothing else can give. Oh! fix your heart upon it—realize it—meditate upon it on your knees. Why did Jesus *weep* at the grave of Lazarus? Was it not much, because *his own* knew so little of his love—believed so little—relied so little on his tenderness and power—and had so little faith in Him? May God himself teach you more and more of that love, which passeth knowledge, which raises the affections from the earth to things above, where Christ sitteth on the throne in the heavens. David could say—" My soul is even as a weaned child;" but just think, what he must have suffered, before he could declare this. Deep had so called

unto deep, that in the succession of his troubles, he had been led to acknowledge, "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." To give up happiness, however, at once, which we have so long looked forward to, is, indeed, a lesson *very hard to learn;* it is too much for human nature; yes, *it is* too much for human nature, but God can, and will give strength and grace,—*now* therefore is the time for you to finish your lesson, by taking refuge in the love of Christ. In the storms of time, there is *no billow* on which the soul of man can rest, and rock itself to sleep, as *the petrel on the wave*—but there is consolation in reposing with all our cares and sorrows on the bosom of the Redeemer, the rock of ages. Seek then, my afflicted child, repose *there.* Was it not when the Dove could find no resting-place for the sole of her foot, in a deluged world, that she returned to the ark? And, when we find no resting-place for our wearied souls on earth, because the deep floods have covered every place where once our hearts delighted to dwell, is it not *then,* that our desires and affections take the wings of a dove, and seek shelter in Jesus Christ, and find in Him a better, sweeter *rest,* than earth could ever have given? There is a communication from His Spirit to ours, which we feel is true—but as the "wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither

it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.' John iii. 8. Then dry your tears, keep up a constant correspondence with the throne of grace, and the throne of mercy by prayer, and believe that all is well. Dear Catharine wished to go to Blandford this morning, and on my observing that the clouds looked dark and rainy over head, she replied, 'never look there, it is as bright as possible in the horizon.' Clouds may hang over us, yet there is a bright horizon,—

'But catch a gleam beyond it, and 'tis bliss.'

Your affectionate Mother,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1837.

## LETTER III.

My dearest Son,

I fully expected a letter from you to-day, and I have not been disappointed; I knew well how feelings would return with your return to Cambridge, and thought it might be some relief to you, to write to your mother. Oh! my child, God knew the *full bitterness* of the cup he gave you to drink. You took it at his hand, and patiently drank it up. When an earthly physician administers a much stronger medicine than is customary, does he not anxiously wait its effects upon his patient? Does he not take care to sustain his strength the

while? and does he not expect that the result will be most beneficial for years and years? The remedy administered by the heavenly physician is never to be forgotten. It has cut the cord, which bound, perhaps, your affections too much to earth. I know that on earth there seems not now one green spot which can attract you. No sun shining brightly in Rushmore Vales now cheers the heart —all the fond pleasing anticipations of life seem at an end. I have been led of late to *realize* more fully the shadowy nature of all sublunary things; so much so, that it makes me almost, should I not say, *quite* content, that you, my heart's best treasure, should "have *no owner's part in all this fleetingness.*" No! heaven is our home—*there, there* in our Father's house, we shall meet through the blood-shedding and righteousness of our great High Priest, to part no more: take courage, then, my dear son, dry the tear, and look beyond the cold, cold grave—gird up thyself afresh, and onward press for heaven. You are, *indeed*, a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth—read Heb. xi. 13—16; dwell on these verses, you see you are not alone; think, till joy inexpressible brightens your countenance over the 16th verse; it is time, it is indeed time to do so. Has God chosen you for himself, a vessel that He is sanctifying, and making meet for the master's use, and shall not thy soul bless him? Call to your recollection, how

jealous God was over those golden vessels which were in His temple, and which had been consecrated to His service—and think also of Him, who was made perfect through sufferings; "who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame." It is only as we look *intently* at things not seen, that we can *live on*, forgetting (in one sense) those things which are behind, and reaching forward to those eternal glories which are reserved in heaven for those, who, by the power of God are kept through faith unto salvation. Read again the 1 Peter i, to 9th verse, and let it be as food and strength to your soul: but I wish you so very much to take the Epistle to the Hebrews, as your *peculiar* study just now. There is so much in this Epistle that is wonderful—so much that is calculated to lift our minds and hearts to that heaven, where our great High Priest appeareth in the presence of God for us, especially in those three chapters, the viiith, ixth, and xth—my mind has been dwelling on them principally of late, until I think, I never before had so full a view of that new and living way, which he has consecrated through the veil, that is to say, his flesh. How beautiful the emblem: The veil, which was rent from top to the bottom when he gave up his spirit, and which veil, till that moment, had darkened the way into the holiest of all, is drawn aside for ever. The kingdom of heaven is now open to all believers

in his Divine name. Our hope in Christ is sure and stedfast. It is the soul's anchor—the soul's safe refuge—and he that hath *this hope* purifieth himself even as he is pure. Go forth, then, redeemed soul, and shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness to walk in the light of his salvation. God ever bless you, my dear John.

Your affectionate Mother,
H. W.

*Chettle*, 1837.

## LETTER IV.

My affectionate Son,

I have been thinking, if to-day is as fine in Cambridgeshire as it is in Dorsetshire, the air *as* fine and mild, and the sun shining *as* brightly, it will tend much to cheer your spirits ; and though the sun, as you observe, is but a trifle, a shining star, whose glory is soon to be put out, yet it brightens and exhilarates us in the journey of our life. We enjoy its bright beams with thankfulness, whilst we would ever seek the beams of light and the heavenly influence of the only true sun, whose brightness will cheer and quicken our souls more and more *for ever*. If the slight and faint glimmering of his beams so fill the soul now, as to

throw into *darkness* every thing else, *what* will be our state soon?

> 'The eye in smiles may wander round,
> Caught by earth's shadows as they fleet;
> But for the soul no help is found,
> Save him who made it meet.'

Do not words fail to express any degree of that thankfulness, which *we* ought to feel as creatures who are aware of their miseries, and aware of the remedy? The grand knowledge (as Pascal says) is *this*, "to know our own corruption and our redemption by Jesus Christ." Oh, yes, it is indeed a mercy beyond our power of thought to reach, to have been *awakened* by any means to a true sense of our *real state*, and to have a *good hope* that we are redeemed creatures, redeemed to God by the blood of his own Son, redeemed from the power of sin and Satan, redeemed from all fear of the awful realities before us; *then* this world's sorrows and sufferings are comparatively nothing. Your description of the moon rising behind a *dark* cloud, as you were travelling the other night, pleases me much. The cloud, however, was tinged with glorious hues, and told plainly enough what was behind. We may indeed look on death as a dark black cloud, but when illuminated with but a few bright beams from the heaven beyond it, we can only wish it passed, that the eternal light may shine in upon our souls. Oh, yes, glorious indeed

are the hues which gild our horizon; bright the prospect which unfolds itself to the eye of faith; I wonder more and more, how any one can live on without this hope; earth's best joys are in reality nothing, very few persons experience much satisfaction in them. There seems to me to be no legitimate source of joy to an *unrenewed* mind. I have been dwelling much lately on that short parable. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant-man seeking goodly pearls, who when he had found *one pearl* of great price, sold *all he* had, and bought that pearl;" and you too, just think, are content to give up all for the sake of this pearl. Blessed art thou, my child, for may I not say, "Flesh and blood have not revealed it unto thee, but thy Father which is in heaven." Nothing short of this could have sustained and soothed your mind amid the wreck of all your earthly hopes; and how thankful I am to hear you say, that you never read the Scriptures as you do *now;* that before this sore affliction, none of that *reality* was thrown over the great things of divine truth that is now in your mind. Now you see more clearly that a Saviour's dying love is the *one great object.* Now all is seen and felt a *reality;* a thick fog seems clearing away, and by God's infinite mercy and teaching, you will see continually more and more, that every thing else is but of little worth, compared with the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord.

Tell me whether you have not found *hidden treasure*, as you proceed in reading through the Epistle to the Hebrews, and bless God with exceeding joy. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

Your truly affectionate Mother,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1837.

## LETTER V.

My dear John,

I see you are alarmed on account of my illness, and say, 'my next loss will be the loss of *my dearest Mother*.' It is true that the malady which afflicts me, is of a *serious* nature; I feel it to be such; God bless thee for all thy sweet affection, my dear child. I am *perfectly calm* in the prospect of all that is before me. *He* who has put this cup into my hand, *sees* that I receive it at *His hand* with cheerful acquiescence. Blessed be my heavenly Father, it is he who enables me to feel this, and he will himself be present with me in every hour of trial; for an hour of trial it is, to pass through as I have now to do, the heavy burden of my complaint.

I have been thinking this morning, that I would not, if I could, have the coming *realities* stripped of one atom of their awfulness. The thought of

the judgment day, with all its grandeur and dread magnificence, is just what we want. From a child I always liked to have something to look forward to of sufficient importance ; now it is only to *realize* eternal things, to look through the shadows of time, to bring near to our souls the resurrection morning, and *the all* connected with that thought, and *then*, earthly anxieties, and losses, and pains, and tears, what are they ? " not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed." Oh, that all the days I may yet have to live *here*, may be spent to the praise and glory of my Lord and Saviour. *This, this* surely, is the only object, worthy of all the powers of an immortal being. But then, how can I, weak and afflicted as I am, a poor dying creature ; how can *I* live to the glory of God ? David has taught me, " Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer."

The time is drawing near, when you will give up Madingly, presented to you by the Bishop of Ely in so gratifying a way, for the College living of Wrawby. It is an important change in your life, and affords matter for serious reflection. I know you have been kindly attentive to the poor, and anxious for the instruction of their children, but have you *fully* preached *Jesus Christ*, the sinner's refuge from the wrath to come, the *only way* of salvation

for lost sinful man? has *He* been the sum and substance of your Ministry? "There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we *can* be *saved*:" give that last word *all* its meaning. I quite agree with all your remarks upon that poor dying woman, may she be sincere before God: of such characters we can but hope; a *deep feeling of sin*, is the *surest* mark of a sound conversion of heart to God. It is the Holy Spirit's first work on the soul to convince of sin, and then to testify of Jesus. I give very little heed to expressions of peace and happiness on a dying bed, when there is *not* this; and if there is, and the sinner, deeply humbled, flees to Jesus Christ, to the fountain opened for sin, it is not for us to doubt his own promise. He never turned away his ear from one suppliant for mercy, when upon earth, and will he now? Though changed in place, he is not in nature, He is the same compassionate Saviour still, "able and willing to save to the very uttermost all who come unto God by him." Yes, one stage after another of our life passes rapidly by, and many important stages of yours are gone, and have taken their place in the records of eternity. O may God ever guide you, and bless you, in all the changing circumstances of your life, till at length he bring you to his everlasting kingdom.

Your ever affectionate Mother,

*Chettle*, 1837. H. W.

## LETTER VI.

My very dear John,

What a strange thing is life—what a strange medley the human heart—what a mixture of good and ill, mercies and sorrows make up the whole. I wish I could tell you half the thoughts which during the last fortnight of weakness and pain have refreshed my soul;—but amidst all the restlessness occasioned by weakness, and the throbbings of heart and brain, one thought, and only one, has power to quiet it all,—it is this,—that it is not possible that one soul can perish for whom Christ died—and again and again has that verse presented itself to my mind—

> 'Jesus, our kinsman, and our God,
> Arrayed in majesty and blood.'

Oh! to be brought to the cross of Jesus Christ—there to see blotted out for ever, the hand-writing that was against us; to hear the voice of promise, "I will come again and receive *you* unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." John xiv. 3. *Then*, with every power of the soul renewed, shall the redeemed walk forth with Jesus Christ from the grave as "*freed men*.' He only knows what it cost to redeem one soul—He only knew the full meaning of those words—"*It is finished*." He finished his work, and ascended up into glory—but he has not left us without help in this vale of

tears; He sends down the Holy Spirit to testify to us of his finished salvation—the Sanctifier—the Purifier,—the Comforter. John xiv. 16—18. With regard to prayer, your feelings are my own. I constantly address the three Persons, separately, then Jehovah as a triune God. I am persuaded, the Spirit teaches us this; and our own Church too, most scripturally. I constantly use those four first addresses in the Litany, in my own prayers. What a privilege is prayer! a worm to be permitted to speak to God—yea more, to plead with God and to prevail; and I feel too, more than ever, that unless we plead the righteousness of Christ, as well as his blood in our behalf, we cannot feel abiding peace.

Yes, my own dear son, I am willing that every means should be used to prolong a life, a little longer, which you say, is so much wanted for my children, and especially by yourself. Is it not very kind of Mr. and Mrs. S——, on their return to London, to give us a residence at Langton Lodge for a few months, in the hope that the change of air may prove beneficial to my health? but I would look on *every house* as an inn, in which to stay but for a little while. We have no abiding city here. The autumn is again returned, and the leaves are falling fast, and I like to watch them, as they fall—they awaken in my mind, thoughts that are pleasing to me now.

To-day is very rough and stormy, and the storms keep passing over, but the heavens above are clear and bright, and the deep blue sky speaks of peace and calm repose. But God, who is ordering all things *well* for me, knows best the time when the "weary wheels of life shall stand still." Blessed be His name, the sting of death is taken away, by my looking forward to that eternal day, when all shall be bright and clear for ever—no sun need shine there, for "the glory of God shall lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." God bless you.

Ever your affectionate Mother,

H. W.

*Langton Lodge*, 1837.

## LETTER VII.

Yes, my very dear son, a few more tears—a little more conflict in this fallen, disordered world, and our spirits, freed from their earthly chain, shall be clothed with immortality.

'Oh! come that day,
When in this restless heart,
*Earth shall resign her part.*

I have suffered much from inflammation in the chest, since I wrote last, and should have written sooner, but was in too much pain to think. It seemed to me all the time I was suffering, that

there were only two words that were worth the saying—Jesus Christ. Oh! what do these words convey to the soul that has been awakened, and *has* fled for refuge *there*. Oh, what a happiness it is to "live by faith on the Son of God"—but what *a discovery*—what an *amazing truth*. How can one so young as you are, have been taught such a happiness?—a happiness altogether foreign to our nature—a happiness altogether independent of every earthly circumstance—of place—of every thing but God. Why God himself, my son, has taught you; then grudge not *the means*.

> 'Oh! grudge not thou the anguish keen,
> Which makes thee like thy Lord.'

What! though he has permitted sorrows to befal you, which few, very few, I believe, have tasted in such bitter fulness, yet has he not drawn you gently in the midst of the waves, closer to himself, and constrained you to rest more simply on His word? My dear son, I must rejoice for you while I weep; and surely one who has looked into eternity through *such a vista* as you have done, must look at every earthly thing for ever after, differently *indeed* from other men. 'Affliction,' as Erskine says, 'is a great realizer in religion, or rather a great detector of the want of reality in religion. We perhaps thought ourselves Christians, and that we were founded on the rock, and now an affliction

comes, and we shake like aspen leaves ; could this be if we were really on the rock ? We thought fondly that God was the chosen portion of our souls, and that though all created things were taken from us, we had enough when we had Him ; and yet when He crosses some desire of our hearts, or removes some of his own gifts—one affectionately dear to us—a friend perhaps—or even a little of the world's trash, we seem as if we had lost our all, and cry after it, as that Danite did after his idols ; and thus we learn the fact, that our comfort before did not, as we idly supposed, flow from the eternal fountain, (for that still remains to us,) but had been drawn from perishing cisterns ; and therefore, now that they are broken, we die of thirst. This is an important discovery, and it was to make this discovery to us that God sent the affliction.' I remember well, how for almost thirty years, (the best part of my earthly life,) your welfare, your happiness, has been the dearest theme on which my thoughts have delighted to dwell—all the golden visions—the romantic dreams of early life were contented to centre in you, from your infancy, the hope and joy of my heart; and *now*, how have all these dreams ended? What shall I say? *What*, but thank God in *silent adoring* praise, for He *hath done all things well.* Has he not preserved your life to me this many a long year ? and *now*, has He not fulfilled my best

wishes—granted my *best prayers?*—my own life may be drawing to a close, but I have lived to see, that "though trouble and heaviness have taken hold upon you, yet your delight is in the commandments of the Lord"—and to feel assured, that he whom I have so loved here, shall indeed join me ere long, in the mansions above, and I am content. Oh, if tears were shed in heaven, surely one tear would fall, of *purest joy*, when we meet there, if there be a recognition of each other, before the throne of our Redeemer. Dear E——, too, shall we not together wait *your* coming, to join in the hallelujahs to His glorious name?—but you, my dear son, to the world must turn again—you have much to do yet for your Saviour, and may *many* a soul be given you in your ministry—may you teach many poor perishing sinners, what a Saviour has done for them, that they may "lay hold of everlasting life" and escape the wrath to come. This is worth living for—worth turning again to earth for, and mingling with our fellow men. The Lord of life, even He himself took upon him our nature, and tabernacled with men for the very same purpose. God bless you.

Ever your affectionate mother,

H. W.

*Langton Lodge*, 1837.

## LETTER VIII.

My dearest Son,

Most thankful was I to hear that you had reached Wrawby in safety, and were tolerably comfortable in your own Vicarage-house. Does it seem *real* to you ? I think nothing seems strange or extraordinary to us as we get more accustomed to life and its changes. It is all poor insipid work, *without* the Christian hope ; but *with it*, life wears a different aspect. *Now*, we have a motive, every action becomes important—as George Herbert says,—'even the sweeping of a room may be a fine action'—and most assuredly every action leaves its own impression on the spirit of our mind, and therefore in this sense is important;—and does not *the hope* which we have in Christ Jesus throw a brightness round every step of our pilgrimage—a chastened holy glow, which no earthly joy could ever have given? Is it not indeed an anchor to the soul, sure and stedfast ? Write and tell me of your first Sabbath, and first *sermon*, in your new sphere of ministerial labour. How earnestly do I beg a blessing on your ministry—on all you do, and on all your plans for future usefulness. Mrs. S—— especially begged, that I would ask a blessing on her son's being with you, and I do so every day: think therefore, my dear son, that his mother,

and your mother, are both pleading with God for his blessing on this measure. Does it not throw the whole thing into a different light, than the mere obtaining some little additional classical and mathematical knowledge ?—they may be six most important months to this dear young friend. God grant that it may be so. I cannot give you a very good account of myself, but you could not expect this, the weather has been so against me, as to prevent my stirring out. I have every kind medical attendance ; but no medicines, change of air, exercise, or physician's skill, seem to arrest the progress of the complaint; but this must not distress you—I am *so happy*. Oh ! the comfortable persuasion of being indeed a child of God by adoption—"*the spirit of adoption*"—think of the full meaning of that—not going into the presence of my God and Father as the Jews did, with a *sin-offering* in my hand, but with the *abiding thankful remembrance*, a kind of consciousness pervading all the movements of my soul towards God, that an offering has been made *once* for all, and by that one offering, a full, perfect, and sufficient satisfaction been made for all my sins, *even mine*. So now I can go in and out of my Father's presence as *a child, pardoned* and *beloved*. Krummacher says on these words—" If ye shall ask any thing in my name "—' If I were to desire any of you to go to a dear and intimate friend of mine, and

ask him for whatever it might be, in *my name*, and he were to refuse you, it would not be *you*, but *I*, who need blush.' Oh, my dear son, we, fallen sinners as we are, *honour God* by confiding in his love, and word of promise—it would seem presumptuous to say so—but He has himself declared it. His faithfulness and truth are my shield and buckler, and shall be while I live,—weak, and sinful in myself, but my strength is Omnipotence.

Do not grudge having so little time at present for reading Augustine—*this* is the active period of your life: now you are working for God, "a fellow-worker with God," as a faithful minister of Christ, 2 Cor. vi. 1. Just think, Oh! you will never regret spending your strength for Him, ever looking up—*there*, *there* shall be your everlasting reward—beyond the bed of death—beyond the tomb; yes, even to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills, *where* in God's own *good time* we shall meet to part no more.

Ever your most affectionate Mother,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1838.

## LETTER IX.

My affectionate Son,

I think I have been gaining a little strength since you left me, but am still very weak, and it affects

me in such a variety of ways which I cannot describe—I am in a tremor the minute I begin to write, and feel sure that I shall not say what I mean to say—well, I shall not regard it; in spite of every thing it is a *letter from your Mother*, and that I know you will be glad to receive. Are you tolerably comfortable in your new Vicarage-house? How I should like to furnish myself for once with a pair of wings, just to see you arranging all things in your new establishment. It was long after I lost you before I could help looking for you at Chettle when the door opened, and still seemed to feel that you were coming until three or four days went by; then I *realized* that you were indeed gone—and this is earth—and *so* do the purest pleasures here pass away—and it is well—come then that eternal world! It is a delightful feeling, that our home is not here. We seek a better country, even a heavenly, and we seek it, through winds and waves. Blessed be God, sometimes he gives us such plain, bright glimpses of the home we seek, that we take courage on our way; for we can discern its *bright light* shining through fogs and storms, and at no such great distance. My dear son, encourage yourself like David, in the Lord your God. When *sometimes* your spirit is almost overwhelmed, and thoughts awakened by memory will cause a tear; when you feel that all is desolate on earth—Oh! then, just go up with

Moses to the top of the mountain, and look forward intently over the length and the breadth of the *promised* land—see the bright inheritance purchased for you—there it is, straight before you—*it is yours*, there is your own house—" a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The one you now inhabit is but for a few years—so never mind, if it is just sufficiently commodious. How poor, by and bye, will seem earth's most splendid palaces ; how we shall wonder that we ever admired any thing here to the degree that we do.

I long to know what your plans are for usefulness among your people.—Your labour is begun in that portion of the Lord's vineyard, which is assigned to you to till. There may be much waste barren land to clear of weeds and rubbish—but after a little while, I trust you will see the seed sown, springing up and promising a fair and goodly harvest. Most earnestly do I implore a blessing upon all you do, and design for good. I must now lay down my pen and try to get a little sleep on my couch by the fire—do not you see me calm and happy there ? I will try to finish this afterwards.

I have had no sleep and what shall I say,—

> ' What tho' downy slumbers flee,
> Strangers to my couch and me ;
> Sleepless—well I know to rest,
> Lodged within my Father's breast.

While the empress of the night,
Scatters mild her silver light;
While the vivid planets stray,
Various through their mystic way,—

While the stars unnumbered roll,
Round the ever-constant pole;
Far above these spangled skies,
All my soul to God shall rise.

Midst the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise,
Ceaseless love, and ceaseless praise.'

Your own affectionate Mother,
H. W.

*Chettle*, 1838.

## LETTER X.

Once more, my dear son, I take my pen, to express the pleasure I had in reading your last letter; it affected me too much. I often wonder to see how you have borne *all*—surely God has sustained you in no common manner. I know well, oftentimes when no human being is near you, and God alone has his eye of love fixed upon you, that he sees the anguish which would hide itself from every living creature. Ah, yes! he knows it all—and by and bye, you will be *more* than satisfied with all that has befallen you here. I have long accustomed myself to look intently forward, and now you must

do so too: This *is* not, *ought* not to be our rest,—remember, *here* we are servants preparing for their Lord; and how bright the prospects which unfold themselves to the eye of faith.

> A new world is opening its beauties to me,
> As *this* from my sight is receding.

Have you seen the memoir of Mrs. East? If not, when you meet with it, just read a letter to her from Mr. Simeon, near the end of the volume, and read again and again his idea of the feeling of a soul just entered into heaven. I will transcribe however that part of the letter. "It has been often said by persons, and it is with many a favourite idea—'I shall at my admission into the divine presence, shout louder than any one.' I *expect it will be far otherwise with me.* I expect rather to fall upon my face, with the deepest self-abasement, and not even to venture to lift up my eyes, until especially enjoined to do so; and then to sing only with a tremulous and scarcely audible voice, such as in some favoured seasons I have uttered in God's house below, the wonders of redeeming love. True, he has forgiven me; but can I forgive myself? must not every testimony of his love towards me, make me abhor myself in dust and ashes? This then is the way, in which I would go in and out before him here; and in which I ever *desire* to meet him, when I shall come into his immediate presence *hereafter.* With

Mary sitting at the feet of Jesus I desire to live, and with Mary washing his feet with her tears, and wiping them with the hair of her head, I desire to die." These are exactly my ideas. Oh! what a moment will that be, when we shall see Him, "whom having not yet seen, we love"—when the whole truth of every thing, or rather every thing past, present, and future, shall stand before us in all its reality and amazing truth. Sometimes my spirit would sink within me, when I think of my own worthlessness and sinfulness, but Oh! my Saviour, still, still, the friend of sinners, thou wilt shield me in that hour. I rest my hope in him, and when my faith almost gives way from very overwhelming views of my own exceeding sinfulness in the sight of an infinitely pure and holy God, *then*, I fly to the horns of the altar, which have been sprinkled with the blood of the sacrifice, and *there* I keep my hold. Satan himself, seeking ever to destroy the souls of men, dare not, cannot touch me there. Oh! what has the Redeemer done for us—from how great a destruction has he delivered us. I believe we know very little yet, either of what he has done for us, or what it cost him to redeem our souls to God. The hour however is not distant, when *we shall know*. My heart would muse on these things all the day long, "while my spirit maketh diligent search."

I am *so* interested in *all* you tell me about

Wrawby. How should I enjoy a visit to you—but in this matter, as in all other, I would cheerfully submit to the will of my heavenly Father. You must ever take courage in remembering your Divine Master—who He is, and what is His character. When you are most feeling your own weakness and insufficiency in speaking to the people of your own ministerial charge, then is the very time for Him to bless you—only just cast yourself entirely upon Him—He will sustain you in the work of the ministry, as He has done in the day of heavy affliction and of trial. Trust Him and be not afraid—do not mind the nicest accuracy of expression; I believe more is effected by *earnest prayer* for a divine blessing—and a word spoken from the heart, with a sincere desire for His glory, in the salvation of immortal souls, will command His blessing. Do not, for one moment, be discouraged at the arduousness of the work appointed you. You will find again and again 'old Adam too strong for young Melancthon'—but persevere. It is only by very small degrees, that you can hope to effect any thing substantially good. Labour therefore to be instrumental in preaching the gospel of Christ, and in every good word and work, to do good among your people, and I feel persuaded that He will bless you, and make you a blessing. Adieu, my dear son.

Your very affectionate mother,

*Chettle*, 1838. H. W.

## LETTER XI.

My dearest John,

I cannot spend an hour or two this morning more happily than in writing to you. I thank you for your very affectionate letter, which I received with several others from my dear children on this my birth-day. They contain so many dear expressions of affection, that my heart must be as cold as the chill morning dew, not to be melted with joy and gratitude. How blessed to live in the affections of one's dear children,—they are now the joy and hope of my heart; and I could cherish the thought, that when in heaven I am praising and blessing God for *all* His mercies in my salvation, the affection wherewith I have been loved by my dear family on earth may not be forgotten. I wish I could tell you some of the thoughts and feelings which have been passing through my mind lately, but I find a difficulty now in retaining an idea even long enough to give it form, or expression. I have endeavoured, however, to meditate much on the momentous events of this week—*the Passion-week.* Oh! what must have been the agony, that wrung *that bloody sweat* out of every pore, that called forth that prayer of intense suffering: "Father, *if it be possible,* let this cup pass from me." We should, surely take

our stand every day by our Saviour's cross—we should endeavour to *realize* what there took place, and then we should get something like a faint idea of what sin must be—and what it cost to redeem the soul. How much I love those expressions in our Litany—'By thine agony and bloody sweat,' &c. &c. I have been praying earnestly this morning, and will not the prayer suit you?—that all immoderate earthly attachment—all anxious solicitude about earthly things—all worldly feelings that may interrupt a close communion with God—all selfishness—*the whole body of sin*, in whatever shape, though as dear as my right hand, may be nailed to that cross on which my dear Redeemer died; that so I, being crucified with Christ, may rise again with Him in newness of heart and life. There can be no spiritual life in the soul until this is done, or at least doing—but is it not an awful prayer? There are those, who deceive themselves by *dwelling* on all that Jesus Christ has done for sinners, and this perhaps with delight; but forget the work which must be carried on in their own souls, if they ever join the spirits of the just made perfect in heaven. Yes, we must be crucified with Christ, if we would live with him in glory; and this is no easy thing—in short, it must be *His work*. His own direction is—"*abide in me*." May we know more and more, my dear son, of what this union with Christ means. As the branch derives all its

nourishment from the tree, and could not bring forth any fruit, but by virtue of its union with it, no more can we—it must be by dwelling in Christ and Christ in us—and this is the hidden life which no man knows, but he that is born again of the Spirit. *Then*, will the true Christian say with St. Paul—"Nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me"—and then we may add—"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Your very affectionate mother,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1838.

## LETTER XII.

I begin this to-day, dearest John, but perhaps may not finish it for a day or two, because I cannot write very much at a time now. Yours which I received this morning, seems to my heart to breathe sighs, and I take my pen, half in the hope, that perhaps I may comfort and cheer, a little moment, a heart that has been so sorely bruised and lacerated. I have been in prayer for you, and I thought of that promise, (Isaiah lxvi. 13.)—"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you"—and could not help pleading it for you, with our heavenly Father; who knows, how *your mother* would comfort you if she could—

though 'the days of peaceful, careless home life are gone,' yet welcome, welcome is that sorrow which shall do its part in crucifying the world to us. Yes, it is one thing to be crucified to the world by losses and affliction—but another by the cross of Christ—it is indeed—yet God is so merciful, that he permits, and makes use of our *natural feelings*, to lead us to himself—and so it is, that when the world is in a measure dead to us—when all we most loved, most fondly called our own *is gone*,—oh, then it is, that the very yearning of the soul for something to bless, makes us turn to God, and *there* what do we find? Is it not that the love of God in Jesus Christ is enough? Here we would rest for ever—having found this pearl we can let the rest go; but this is easier to write, than to feel abidingly. Oh, my son, magnify the Lord with me, for enabling you so peacefully to pass on your way through a storm that would have sunk many a bark;—your anchor's hold is within the veil. Do not then be discouraged now; let not one of the thousand annoyances take hold of your spirits—think no more so anxiously of what you cannot accomplish in your ministry. You have not strength to perform so much ministerial duty; do not expect too much—remember "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." God can bless; yea, and will bless what to us may seem the feeblest means.

Gideon slew the Midianites which were as grasshoppers for multitude, by means of only three hundred men, with their earthern pitchers and lamps in them. After all, faith in God is our strong hold—God in Christ.

Your thoughts upon "*that exceeding bitter cry*," recal to my mind an expression of Mr. D——, my medical attendant, as he saw me cheerful, when suffering and oppressed with pain. He said, 'You are greatly blessed in a calm, peaceful state of mind, but you must not be *surprised*, should it not always continue. Remember our Saviour himself was left to cry out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me."' The remark struck me much, and I was thinking over it, on the 22nd of last month, (March,) my birth-day, and could not help putting down my thoughts, thus:—

And wilt thou *now* forsake me, Lord?
Oh no, it cannot be;
No earthly tongue can ever tell,
*What* thou hast been to me.

These nine-and-forty years, my God,
Thy love has sheltered me;
And wilt thou now forsake thy child?
Oh no, it cannot be.

Thy love has been my resting-place,
Through every weary year;
I've leaned upon thy bosom, Lord,
And thou hast dried the scalding tear.

Come life, come death, I take my stand,
Where I have ever stood;
Beneath the shelter of thy cross,
*The droppings of thy blood.*

And *there*, when youth, and health, and strength,
And energy are fled;
The shades of evening, peacefully,
Shall close around my head.

And when in the utter helplessness
Of death, I turn to thee,
Thou wilt not *then*, forsake me, Lord,
Oh no! it cannot be.

Your truly affectionate mother,
H. W.

*Chettle*, 1838.

## LETTER XIII.

My dearest John,

I am now as usual, in the quiet peacefulness of my own room, my fire burning, and the sofa standing just where you left it—my thoughts turn again to you, and with this prayer;—O God, look down from heaven thy dwelling-place, and pour thy richest blessings on his head:—O eternal Spirit, shed abroad in his heart a Saviour's love so powerfully, so sweetly, that all his soul may be lifted above the sorrows of earth:—O most adorable Saviour, visit him in thy mercy, and bid him rest

on thy word, and in the tenderness of thy own character, that though sorrowful, he may rejoice in thee.

I feel hovering between two worlds, peaceful and satisfied, yet sometimes an anxious thought would arise in my breast about you all, in a world of difficulty and trial: but I check it, as well knowing that I cannot "make one hair white or black." They are all gone to Church, and I am alone, and yet I trust not *alone*. I find it good to commune with God in the secret chamber, and to meditate on his holy word—great also is the privilege of prayer. I have been reading a great part of the Liturgy this Sabbath morning, to myself, and have found much comfort in the prayers. Is not the latter part of the Collect for the day just what we want. Oh, may we be enabled "to follow the example of His patience, and also be made partakers of his resurrection." Will you just read Numbers xi. 11—17; turn it spiritually, and you will get comfort from it—see how God listens to our complaints, and enters into them, for He knoweth our frame.

I do think, that your ministerial charge is too much for you, you need assistance in your ministry; your labour exhausts your physical strength and affects your spirits, and you get disheartened. Let me copy for you a part of one of Romaine's letters on this subject.—'This is to me an *amaz-*

*ing event,* that such a one should be made a pastor; one that is plagued to death with his own heart, to make him a watchman over others!—What is the Lord doing?—With the most utter abhorrence of myself, and of my being unfit to be the minister of a great parish, in the midst of this great city, I have been forced to leave it to the Lord. I have heard in my heart a voice say—'Whom shall I send?' And have been compelled to say, "Here I am, send me!"—Trusting then, Jesus Christ, to thy *grace* and power, depending upon *thine arm,* and *blessing,* out I go, not only unfit, but also averse to the work. It is thine, Lord, to work in me, both to will and to do.' See, my dear son, you are not alone in the sentiments and complaints of yourself which you express to me. How truly awful is the death of such a character as you mention; who, as death drew nigh, could only give such an answer to the question—Do you look to Jesus Christ for salvation? as—'I think I do, but don't know much about it.' You did right, I think, in not administering the sacrament to one, who seemed to feel so little sorrow for those past habits of life, which destroyed his constitution; and who, in the fearful wreck of his immortal spirit, appeared to be so little concerned, as you spake of *one crucified.* Yet, may the Lord have had mercy on him in the last languishing hour of life.

Should I ever have health and strength to see

you in your vicarage, as the devoted watchful pastor of your flock, I do think that all my youthful feelings of happiness and joy would return to me again.

Ever, ever your affectionate Mother,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1838.

## LETTER XIV.

My dearest John,

I cannot help writing to you again, though I have written so lately, because I am rather uneasy and anxious about you, and shall not be quite at ease, until I know that you are well again of your cold, and sore throat. You see this is a penalty you pay for being so dearly loved. You get tormented with letters, if the least thing ails you. Yet, calmly considered, how good is it to be afflicted,—how it shews us things as they are, and how it tells us whereabouts we are.

I have been reading the sermons you mentioned, and quite agree with you, that it is not beauty that we want, but something that will rouse us, to consider more the divine reality of religion. Oh, there is a *power* in religion, which few seem to understand; I trust, for many years past, I have been longing to know more and more of this *power*.

It is thus expressed by St. Paul, Eph. i. 19, 20. "And what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places." There is *a hidden life with Christ in God*—but in what does this hidden life consist? It is a spiritual life. The mere moralist does not understand it, and multitudes of baptized Christians are strangers to it. The apostle says, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Rom. viii. 16. I have heard it remarked,—'Is it not enough to look at the cross of Christ, and take comfort from it?' But a *believing* glance of that cross, produces a feeling sense of sin forgiven; and as this becomes the *abiding* feeling of the soul, love to God, as a reconciled Father in Jesus Christ, will become daily more and more the absorbing feeling, until, to use David's expression, (which I so much love,) we hourly "stretch out our hands unto God." But some may say, that all this is mere sentiment. It is not so, for where this love to God exists in reality, *God in Christ*, an union so perfect takes place between Christ and that soul, that the whole man is changed. We have Christ's own declaration for this truth, John xiv. 20—23; xv. 5; xvii. 21—23. Henceforward to do his will, is the

heart's best delight; and even to suffer it, becomes a pleasure—*then, indeed, self-denial is the test.* And who can tell but the true Christian, whose "life is hid with Christ in God," how sweet self-denial becomes to such a soul, in a hundred thousand little circumstances, trivial perhaps in themselves, but yet not trivial, because they are each one *tests* of our love to him, who shed his blood for our redemption, which no eye but his can see, and no heart but his understand. Oh! this is to take up the cross daily and follow him; and ever remember, my dear son, as a minister of the gospel of Christ, that *true religion* consists of *doctrine, experience, and practice.* These are ever closely united in the mystery of our redemption; and those are the best sermons that combine the three. I have given you these thoughts on the subject, as you have required me; but do not think, that in writing them, I have already attained "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ;" Oh no! Yet I see clearly what the Christian life should be, and I trust I am enabled to press forward in it a little; ever willing to do, and suffer cheerfully, the will of God, while on my way to his eternal kingdom.

Your most affectionate Mother,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1838.

## LETTER XV.

How glad I was, my dear son, to hear of your recovery from your late indisposition; and I was very much interested in the account you gave me of the poor aged Christian you met with, and the difference between his sentiments and yours, on some points in religion. I have not much to say now on these differences of opinion. You agree on the great essential points of Christianity, let the others go their way. You are safe in the faith of Christ, and so is the aged Christian, (with all his errors, as they appear to you,) in the same faith—and I quite agree with you, that it is not at all worth while to attempt to shake opinions, which have wound themselves round all his thoughts, and have formed themselves into clusters of beauty, and depth, and delight. He has been so taught of God, as to flee for refuge to the Rock *cleft* for sinners; and while wearied with sin, he rests under the shadow of that Rock, he is strengthened and refreshed in his pilgrimage, till death shall remove him to that blessed society, where there are no divisions; but where all is harmony and peace. I think, however, your opinions more according to the general tenor of the scriptures, and more useful; but this I know, the longer we live, we shall find ourselves more or less

disappointed in every thing *earthly*—disappointed in our hopes of usefulness—but most of all, disappointed *in ourselves*. The promise you mention, I am persuaded, will be fulfilled *in every one*, who is born again as an heir with Christ of the kingdom of heaven, "that sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace." Rom. vi. 14. There may be an arduous conflict with sin, but this I am sure of, grace will prevail, to our rejoicing in Christ Jesus our living head; and *in him*, we shall go on our way rejoicing, though fighting every inch of our ground—*rejoicing*, yes, with joy unspeakable and full of glory, looking intently forward, beyond the present scene of things to *the coming realities*, when we shall see Him as he is. Oh! my own dear son, dwell on these things, till the sorrows of earth flee away,—at least, till they lose their bitterness. It is my happiness to believe, that your soul has found her resting-place in his divine name, and I am satisfied.—"Henceforth there is laid up for us a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge shall give us at that day, and not to us only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2 Tim. iv. 8. Does not this one thought take off from all, the poverty and littleness of life? And shall we think much of *the trials*, which are the means of subduing, and chastening, and refining, and preparing us for

those mansions which the righteous Lord has promised to us, and *secured for us* in the heavens? Oh! I have often dwelt upon the resurrection of Christ as the first fruits—then—and in like manner *they that are his, at his coming.*

I am wonderfully well considering all things; but that *wellness* is a poor shattered state. I have been staying a short time at Critchill; Lady Charlotte, *all kindness,* taking me out every day, and nearly all the day long, saying that it is the only plan likely to benefit my health, and begs me to persevere. I do think, I have gained strength a little by it. But, my dearest John, pray for me earnestly, and daily. I begin to *realize* my situation more,—Oh, to be entirely *awake!* my hope, however, does not fail me, neither is it *only* a trembling hope—I cling to *the life boat,* for the wreck is awful; If I were shaken off from that, where in the wide ocean before me should I find a stay to my soul—*There is no other*—He, therefore, is my life, and my salvation. Adieu, my ever dear son.

Your ever affectionate Mother,

H. W.

*Chettle,* 1838.

## LETTER XVI.

My dearest Son,

It will be sometime yet you tell me, before you will be able to leave your ministerial charge for a little while, on a visit to Chettle; perhaps a month or two, but they will go by, and *then* perhaps you will come, but *not then* with joy unmixed in a world that has forsaken its God. It cannot be: we must have patience, for only in our Father's house shall we hear sounds of joy unmingled with one note of sadness. I have so long accustomed myself to look intently forward to that bright and glorious period, that I begin to realize that the time is indeed short, and the joys or the sorrows of the earth become more alike of little moment.

I can exactly enter into the feelings of that dear little girl on her dying bed, in saying, 'is this all the suffering? Oh! not worthy to be compared to the glory which shall be revealed,' and the account you give also of the poor old Christian woman quite affected me. There appears every ground to hope that she loves her Lord and her God. You remember G.'s wife in our village; she is advancing with more rapid steps than I am to the banks of the river; she seems fully awake to her situation, but calm and happy, knowing whom she has believed. I bless God for all these

testimonies of his grace; they are encouraging to ministers who labour "in the word and doctrine." I do not wonder that you sometimes feel weary and cold in your duties, you would be more than human if you did not. Does not this verse sometimes comfort you? "He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." Yes, he is acquainted with the imperfection of our characters, while our hearts are right before him. He knows the very inmost thoughts of our hearts, which is a thought upon which I delight to dwell; and he sees too the inward conflict, the soul struggling to be freed from sin. The following verse often occurs to my mind, which I am very fond of, "And God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul;" and though a mortal creature in his fallen character, has not God again a second time breathed into him the breath of life, of a new life, eternal life, whereby he is made a partaker of the divine nature? We will not then sorrow, like those who have no hope, but rejoice even in all our tribulation. God well knows how to sustain and comfort in the hour of our greatest trials and difficulties.

> 'For sick at heart, beyond the veil we fly,
> Seeking his presence, who alone can bless.'

And then ever and anon, we hear in our secret communings of soul, a silent voice, "It is I,

be not afraid," and can say, " my Lord and my God ;" and oh, the joy of knowing that *in him* we have eternal life; that soon our dying life will be over, and we shall behold him on the throne of his glory. *Indeed,* it does seem but a *short time* at the longest,

> ' To brighten for the Ethereal court,
> A soiled earth-drudging heart.'

Oh! to do something for the glory of God, before we go hence, and be no more seen ; that is all. In considering the by-gone days of my life, I have been an unprofitable servant indeed; but a strange feeling of joy and content mixes with my sorrow, that I have brought up my children for my God, teaching, admonishing, and instructing them in the fear of the Lord with prayer, and in the hope that they may *all* be monuments of his grace both here and hereafter ; and I never think of you as a minister, so faithful as I have heard you in your ministry, labouring to bring sinners to your divine master, but I bless God for you. Your work is arduous, yet faint not, God is your strength, the most high God your redeemer, and underneath you are the everlasting arms. With the best affection,

Your affectionate Mother,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1838.

## LETTER XVII.

You say, my dearest son, that you have thought it very long since my last, but my poor frame, weakened and pulled down with disease, has been the cause of my not writing. I never felt well enough to write any thing more than just commonplace nonsense, and could not make up my mind to do that; and now I take up my pen without one idea in my poor brain, but it is of no use now to wait for a brighter mood.

I do remember giving you a book called, 'Wellwood's meditations on a glimpse of glory.' It is as you say, a wonderful book—it does seem to give a glimpse of glory; it seems to still the noise of earth, and let into the soul the tones of the celestial harmony. Your last did me good, and I look indeed for your letters now, as the greatest helps I have in my homeward course. Thank you, for putting me in mind of what lies before me; do so again and again; it strengthens and rouses me, and I need it. I lose so often the realizing sense of eternal things, not that I *doubt or fear*, yet the heart would rest too much on the earth still, so much so at times, that heaven seems *afar off*, dim and scarcely discernible; the clouds and fogs of earth, and its dark unhealthy vapours arise, and gather round my soul, so as to obscure the view of

that celestial city, with all its beauties, which has been so clearly brought before me. This is my weakness and my trial. The cloud, however, is passing over our heads; mortality is decaying and dropping off, and we shall very soon stand in the open glare of eternal light.

I have realized something of that state of helpless weakness to which you allude, but *this*, I do not fear: Oh, no! because you do not see *then* it is God who is to act, *not I: then*, in the helplessness of my mortal frame, Jesus Christ has pledged his word, that he will sustain me. Then, I think it will be nothing but *peace*, because I shall have nothing more to do, but just to rest upon his love, his faithfulness and truth. *Now* it is that I am tried, much tried by a body of sin and of death; by my own deadness at times in spiritual things; by the light dust of the earth still cleaving to my feet—yet when *one ray*, one single ray from the Sun of righteousness darts across my soul, then all is as it should be. Earth can be but earth, and I am content with every thing but myself. I sometimes see, however, such beauty, such infinite perfection and loveliness in my Redeemer, and at the same time, he teaches and encourages me to believe that all this he is before God for me, and in my stead; that then I am content to be just what I am, a sinner saved by grace from first to last. I am filled with gratitude; my heart

melts entirely, and I could suffer or do any thing, only to be conformed to his will, his blessed will, and to be transformed into his image. How thankful should we be that our hearts are already tuning for the harmony of heaven, what shall we do in eternity but wonder, (astonishing wonder,) that we sinful creatures can expect to be raised to God's throne: what can we say now, but that it is his own good pleasure to *give us* the kingdom.

How blessed your privilege, to have cheered the aged dying Christian you mention, in her last hours. The dear little boy too, is he dying in the faith of the Lord Jesus, and have you been able to cheer him also in going down into the dark valley of the shadow of death? I earnestly pray that God may so bless you, that you may be instrumental in bringing many sons to glory, that your heart may be filled with gladness in a world where the sorrows of that heart have been enlarged.

Your own affectionate Mother,

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1838.

## LETTER XVIII.

My ever dear John,

I desire to be thankful for lengthened life, if by any means I can be of any comfort or blessing to

my dear family; and as the means of making me know more what *real religion* is. It is indeed a great work, to be changed from the image of the earthly, to the image of the heavenly. It is a wonderful change; in contemplating it I stand in mute astonishment. Oh, "what manner of persons ought we to be?" I see and feel more and more what God can do. "We have heard with our ears, and our fathers have told us, what he did in their days, and in the old time before them," and why not *now?* The very same God that took Abraham by the hand to lead him into Canaan, that led the children of Israel all through the wilderness, *is our God;* and he is just leading *us* through the wilderness,—enemies will, and may further oppose us on our way, but our divine leader is omnipotent, and will bring us safely through; and I do find that the thoughts of the heavenly inheritance, the coming glory, is enough to overwhelm the cares, the sorrows and trials which will sometimes depress my mind. All, all are soothed and put to rest, by simply trusting to the Saviour, and resting upon his word. I must copy you a passage I have been reading, which pleases me so much; 'Oh, the wonderful power of *heart-piety*, and the wonderful peace also. How does walking with God like Enoch, elevate, expand, enrich, ennoble, compose, and regulate the mind! How much interest does it give to every moment

of the day! There is no aching void, no yawning vacuum, no tedious course in *the living* Christian's life; all is pursuit, advancement, possession; every object is sublime, animating, filling, eternal. How sweet to begin each day, with "Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit, my body, my thoughts, my words and actions." Do you enter into this, do you understand it? Oh, then you will realize with me, something of the privilege of being a Christian, "*to be one with Christ*, and *Christ with us*," just think of these words, "Christ in you, the hope of glory." The joys of earth seem nothing to me, and the sorrows and sufferings nothing; but I shall not always continue to feel this; I know myself too well to expect it, but blessed be God, he has taught me to know, that through all the frames and feelings of my mortal nature, "He is *the same*, yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Oh my son, it has indeed been your lot

> 'In early life
> To bow beneath afflictions' rod.

but what have afflictions done for you? Have they not been the means of leading you to look more earnestly after, and to search more diligently for, eternal realities? Let not your mind rest upon earthly sorrows and disappointments, look not on the *gloomy foreground*, in the beau-

tiful and extensive prospect that rises to your view; but *look on* over the far blue hills into the golden distances beyond. Do you not already see the dawn of Jubilee, fringing with rosy edges the thin white clouds? Oh! the day is at hand, the eternal day draws nigh, and then,

'Heaven's age of fearless rest'

is ours. Does not your attendance on the sick and dying continually throw you upon the Redeemer, the Alpha and the Omega? My own weakness drives *me there*, and I can rejoice before God, in finding him my life, my strength, my refuge—my all. God bless you.

Ever your affectionate Mother,
H. W.

*Chettle*, 1838.

## LETTER XIX.

My dearest Son,

I have been pondering over past years very much during the last few days, and with gratitude to God, have thought over the many mercies which have marked the pilgrimage of my life. The one, which stands out first and foremost, and meets my view at every turn, is the comfort and happiness you have been to me for now thirty years. This time last year, I had anticipated for you much

earthly happiness; I looked forward to the connection you were about to form with delight—but it pleased God to visit you with sorrow which withered your fondly-cherished hopes, and left your heart desolate within you. Yet, yet I rejoice for you, I rejoice much more, than if I had seen you in full possession of every earthly joy, unmindful of God your Saviour. He does all things *well*,—He has not taken from you your earthly happiness for nothing. "God is love." How little do we know of it as yet—but what we know not now, we shall know hereafter. In a little while, and we shall be satisfied, that it was *all* mercy; and that every dispensation of Divine Providence towards us, however afflictive in its nature, is of the loving-kindness of the Lord. I feel I scarce know how, in writing to you at this time; shall I be able to continue writing to you much longer? I think not—but then, you will come and be with me in the chamber of my affliction and death; and your presence will ever comfort me. I cannot express to you, the ten thousand feelings which rush through my mind at times; then all again subsides into one peaceful calm, and with gratitude I say—"My God! what do I owe thee, for all thy mercies; my son is thine, thou hast brought him into thy fold, and all things according to thy promise, shall work together for his good, till thou shalt bring him into thy fold

above." A thousand thanks for your last letter; and with a thankful heart, would I praise God for leading you to help me forward as you do, in the joyful hope of eternal rest. Yes, it is a mercy to have begun on earth to learn the notes of heaven, and have we not? "To him who has loved us"—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"—shall we not say so *then*, when, through Him, we have conquered, and shall triumph over sin and the grave.

I do not wonder at your sometimes almost shrinking. The conflict, for the heavenly triumph, *is long*, and *weary*, and *awful;* and if you take your eyes off from the great Captain of your salvation, you will fall before the enemy. But we rely upon His own word, and take courage in the belief, that He will bring us off more than conquerors, as our strength, our shield, and exceeding great reward. There is indeed a *present* blessedness, beyond what we could have imagined, in the love of God in Christ Jesus; a *depth* of rest, a peace in believing, which passeth all understanding—a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Much has my mind been comforted and strengthened of late, by contemplating Christ as a Mediator; and God, as a triune God, Father, Son, and Spirit, all engaged in our salvation. Oh! what a subject it is for our meditations—our feeble powers cannot reach its heights, its depths; soon, soon however, shall we know more. "The

night is far spent, and the day is at hand." I will only add, may the bright shining of the Sun of righteousness shed its softest, sweetest beamings over every step of your future life, and cheer and soften all the ruggedness of your passage through this wilderness; and may the full blessings of covenant, everlasting love, be poured down upon your whole soul:—as for me, I feel persuaded that my days are drawing to a close—but whenever I pass the banks of Jordan, my Saviour will meet me at the landing-place.

Your ever affectionate Mother,
H. W.

*Chettle*, 1838.

## LETTER XX.

My ever loved Son,

Your letters are indeed a refreshment to my spirits, and you comfort me with "the comfort wherewith you yourself have been comforted of God." You can form no idea of the thousand feelings of weariness and languor, and sometimes depression, which are experienced in a long illness like mine, though *I bless God*, and never can bless Him as I would, that generally speaking, my whole soul is kept in *perfect peace*—yet now and then clouds arise from the earth, and vapours,

which dim for a while the bright shining of that sun which alone cheers me,—which alone blesses,—which alone speaks peace to my heart. Your letters deeply interest me; go on to write to me, though I am not able to answer them—I only fear that your arduous, laborious ministry will injure your health; may God preserve that in His mercy. Ever bear in mind the Redeemer's promise, ere he left the earth, to ascend to "that glory which He had with the Father before all worlds." John xvii. 5. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Does not this verse cheer you? Jesus Christ and Him crucified, whom you preach, *is your strength;* only realize the thought, it will ever afford you encouragement, through all the discouragements of your ministry,—*nothing in yourself,* have you not found in some measure, the strength and presence of your Divine Master with you? How blessed is this experience?—worth worlds,—what are all the treasures of Egypt?—nothing, nothing to be compared to it. But I must leave off for to-day.

I am so thankful to be able to go on with this a little this morning. I had a sleepless night, but besought God in the night for you, and remembered your ministry. I will tell you my abiding feeling now;—it is not a longing for heaven and all the joys there, but a *present peace.* Jesus Christ permits *me,* a poor sinner, to lean by faith,

on His arm with my whole weight, and so to pass through the waves which surround me; and I am satisfied, it is enough,—I want no more now,—*all else* I leave to his redeeming love and Divine mercy. Oh! to realize his presence continually, to open our eyes with Elijah, and see armed chariots and horsemen all around us;—well, I am greatly supported, and would calmly wait the appointed time for my departure.

The poor sufferer you have been so interested about, is he dead? And why should I have a better hope than he expressed? Because God had a favour unto me. You know, my own dear son, with what affection as a mother, I love you; yet *your name* does not awaken in my breast, so lively a thrill of grateful adoring joy, as that one name, Jesus Christ. Oh! my child, through *all* that is before you, and what that *all* may be, He only knows, cleave unto Him—trust him,—never, never will he disappoint you. He will carry you through all trials that may befal you, and never leave you, till you are perfected with Him in glory. He is *omnipotent*, therefore he can:—*faithful* and *true*, therefore He will.

I send you the 20th Psalm; read the 40th chapter of Isaiah, and tell me with what impression it leaves you.

And now I am cheered with the hope, that you will be able to get some supply for your churches,

that you may visit us this Christmas,—God grant us a happy meeting—it shall be a prelude, an earnest of a far happier one.

Affectionately your mother.

H. W.

*Chettle*, 1838.

It is thought impossible to read the foregoing letters, without a deep conviction that they evince a genuine earnestness and sincerity of heart ; and that they were written with the warmest and strongest parental affection.

They contain also, solid scriptural views of Divine truth, which took such hold of the affections, and so mingled itself with the vital principle of the soul, as to produce a piety which was seen and read of all who were acquainted with her inestimable character.

They unfold to us a religion, which afforded such realizing views of an eternal world, that death was disarmed of its sting; and which so inspired the soul with a hope full of immortality and glory, that she was calm and joyful in the prospect of the change.

There are some persons who affect to speak lightly of death, and yet they can scarcely see the death of a relation or a friend, without shrinking back at the sight ; or if they have resolution enough to command their feelings on such melancholy oc-

casions, yet when they come to die, the stoutest heart will tremble. How noble then, and powerful must that principle be, which shields the heart, and sustains the hope of the dying Christian! And who can enter a chamber like that of the subject of this memoir, who, when calmly sinking, could say—'It is the will of my heavenly Father, and I cheerfully submit to death; it is appointed for me, and I am not afraid to die,' without acknowledging the convincing testimony that is given to the consolatory and powerful principles of the gospel of Christ—yet indeed, are these principles too generally neglected. It is readily confessed, that religion with its consolations and ordinances, is very right when death approaches the sick chamber. But why should religion, which formed so bright a character, and afforded such abiding comfort and support throughout such a long protracted illness, as these pages record, *be neglected in health*, and *only* seriously thought of in the day of approaching dissolution? The Divine declaration to us, is—"Behold, *now* is the accepted time, behold, *now* is the day of salvation." 2 Cor. vi. 2.

We now come to that deeply interesting, though mournful period of

## HER LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

A few months before the event took place, it was too visible, that the complaint, which caused extreme exhaustion at times, was gradually coming to a crisis. It had reached that fearful stage of illness which confined the dear and patient sufferer entirely to her room ; when her affectionate son arrived, (whom she had so often comforted by her letters, with that hope which gathers brightness from sorrow,) to soothe with the family, her dying pillow, by every mark of affection and tenderness.

*Jan.* 1839.—It was a chamber of affliction ; and many a tear was shed, as the disease was seen to baffle all the power of medicine, and the time was approaching for the departure of one so tenderly beloved and esteemed. But it was a chamber of privilege,—

> ' The chamber, where the christian meets his death,
> Is privileged beyond the common walk
> Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heaven.'

Prayer was wont to be made in the evening, the

morning, and at noon-day, and a portion of Scripture read, as the dear sufferer might point out, or cause to be selected. And often did I linger in the sick chamber, to listen to the force of her remarks, and to hear her converse, with much cheerfulness, and unwavering confidence, of things pertaining to the kingdom of God.

In conversation one morning, she said, ' I have never sought for ecstacy in religion, but for a calm settled belief in Jesus, and I have not a doubt of my safety. If I am but permitted to pass through all my remaining trials and sufferings, leaning as it were on the arm of my divine Lord, I am satisfied ; as that arm has been my stay, and will continue to support me.

She much admired the following beautiful hymn :—

Oh ! how the thought, that I shall know,
The man that suffer'd here below,
To manifest His favour ;
To me, and those whom most I love,
Or here, or with Himself above,
Does my delighted passions move,
At that sweet word " for ever."

For evermore to see Him shine !
For evermore to call Him mine !
And see Him still before me !
For ever on his face to gaze,
While all the Father He displays,
In all His full assembled rays,
To all the saints in glory.

Not all things else are half so dear
As His delightful presence here;
What must it be in heaven!
'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say,
As here I journey day by day.
'Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
Thy sins are all forgiven.'

But how will His enraptur'd voice,
Make my delighted heart rejoice,
When I in glory hear Him!
While I for heavenly entrance wait,
Before the everlasting gate,
And Jesus, on his throne of state,
Invites me to come near Him.

'Come in, thou blessed, sit by me,
With my own life I ransomed thee;
Come, taste my perfect favour;
Come in, thou happy spirit, come,
Thou now shalt be with me at home;
Ye blissful mansions, make him room,
For he must stay for ever.'

When Jesus thus invites me in,
How will the heavenly hosts begin
To own their new relation!
'Come in, come in,' the blissful sound,
From every tongue will echo round,
'Till all the crystal walls resound
With 'God is my salvation.'

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It may truly be said, that her sick chamber was not only a striking scene of great composure of mind, and habitual resignation to the divine will, but also a school of spiritual instruction. She

loved to bear her testimony to the divine reality of religion; and often dwelt in her conversation on a *meetness for heaven:* of something wrought *in* us, as well as something done *for* us. *In* us: not to purchase salvation, which has been already purchased by Christ. Christ not only redeemed us from the curse, and bought our title to heaven, but has also purchased grace to sanctify our nature, and thereby give us a *meetness* for glory. This meetness springs from regeneration, or a spiritual life begun and carried on in the soul by the Holy Ghost, as a preparation for the spiritual worship of heaven.

In the natural tendency of disease to irritability, she would again and again repeat the question —'Am I not impatient?' and the remark, 'I fear I am impatient;' while, at the same time, setting forth a bright example of *suffering patiently* the will of God. She suffered, however, so much languor and weariness at times, from the oppression of the complaint on her sinking constitution, that she scarcely knew what to do; yet, under every paroxysm, or lengthened hour of pain, no murmuring expression was ever heard to fall from her lips. On the contrary, she would remark— 'We could wish to go to heaven without suffering, and to have our pathway made smooth and easy to our Father's house; but He appoints it differently; and, oh! many a stripe is necessary

for the right discipline of the mind in our way to the mansions above,—the deepest, the *best lessons*, are learnt in affliction's school-hours.' 'When in heaven,' said a distinguished minister of Christ (*Howels*) 'we shall have a retrospective view of our path thither; then we shall behold a thousand mercies we cannot now see, and glorify and praise the Lord for a thousand providential interferences at which we should now repine.'

It was usual for me to read small portions of scripture every morning, before I knelt in prayer by the side of her dying bed; and having finished reading those psalms which were considered most appropriate and consolatory for a sick chamber, she requested that the Epistle to the Ephesians might be next read—'It is a part of scripture, she observed, which I have read again and again, with peculiar delight and profit—it is so full of instruction—it combines every thing in doctrine and practice, for the belief, temper, life, and conversation of the christian. And what an unspeakable blessing is a real scriptural *assurance* of the love and favour of the Redeemer.'

Who would part with the doctrine of assurance? (O *spiteful* bitter thought!—says Herbert). It is that which adds wings to faith, liveliness to hope, and cheerfulness to obedience; it affords a sweet tranquillity, a heavenly repose, a peace which passeth all human understanding, and enables the

dying christian to look calmly into the eternal world, and say, Farewell time, with all its sin and misery, and welcome eternity, with all its perfection and happiness.

As our conversation turned on the subject of prayer, she expressed her belief that there was not enough of praise, either in the family or in the sanctuary of God. "Only think," she remarked, "how delightful it would be, if at the close of our own family prayer, *all* would join as one voice, in the language so beautifully expressed in the Communion service—'Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name; evermore praising thee and saying—Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory; glory be to thee, O Lord most high!' If the *heart* were but lifted up with the voice in these words, surely the presence of the Lord would be further known amongst us, and we should more honour and glorify his divine name."

It will not be forgotten, that Mrs. West lived in the affections and respect of the poor. They, with their children, had a large share of her attention in the village, when her health and strength permitted it. She would meet them one day in the week for cottage-reading of the scriptures; and it was an interesting sight, to see how the poor gathered round her, and listened to her conversa-

tional remarks as she read some chapter, or portion of the Bible to them. All confessed that they were much instructed and profited by her plain, familiar, affectionate manner in teaching them—and she had much pleasure in devoting a portion of her time for this purpose. 'I would not,' she would say, (in reference to these cottage-readings of the scriptures) meddle with things too high for me, but I love to talk to the poor in the cottage, with the Bible before me.' The remembrance of it was pleasing to her in her dying chamber; for when conversing with her sister on the subject, she said, 'If God were pleased to restore me to health, I feel I could live in the cottages of the poor. I do feel such an inexpressible love for them, that I should spend much more of my time among them than I have ever yet done; and I am sure that we should be more blessed in our own souls, if we were more diligent in visiting and instructing the poor.'

She had, indeed, a peculiarly happy talent, and superior method in communicating religious instruction to poor children. They all came to her at the parsonage (who were capable of being taught) on each returning Sabbath; and by her own kind affectionate manner in teaching, and simple illustrations in addressing them, she would so rivet their attention, that you at once saw their feelings were interested, and their minds impressed

with the instruction that was given. And so anxious was she, that they should grow up in the knowledge and fear of the Lord, that she continued to instruct them, till her declining state of health obliged her (though with extreme reluctance,) to desist from it altogether.

But whether in the cottages instructing the poor, or teaching their children in the Sabbath school, she felt how inefficient were all human means, to form the character aright before God, without a divine blessing. She was deeply conscious that God alone "giveth the increase;" and when she did not see that increase, which she so earnestly desired and prayed for, yet she steadily persevered in well doing; waiting for that grace, which alone can make those means effectual to salvation; and we believe that God has not left her instructions without witness in the hearts of some of those, whose souls she was so anxious might be saved.

In speaking on the subject of conversion, she remarked—'What a work it is!—what a miracle wrought by the power of the Holy Spirit in the soul! renewing and reclaiming all its powers, and turning them again to God. Oh, what a divine blessing, to have the will, the judgment, the heart, the soul, and all the affections of the soul, influenced heavenwards!—to have that faith, which mingles with the realities of an eternal world!

Yet it must be so, as our Lord has told us (John iii. 3) or we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. There must be this renewal of the mind; a foretaste of heavenly employment upon earth, a meetness for an inheritance among the saints in glory.' A person may have many constitutional good qualities, and many good points of character; all may be fair in the eyes of society, and yet the heart may not be right with Him who seeth not as man seeth. 'There is a specific difference (says an able writer,) between moral virtues and divine holiness. True holiness has all morality in it, but all that is called moral may be without true holiness, nor will it ever rise to it. Holiness must have a root of its own. He that best knew all truth, affirms it to be irrational to think otherwise, or to expect figs from thistles, Matt. vii. 16. What rises from the divine nature directs its course towards God, and ceases not until it arrives before Him; what rises in self, terminates there, as a circle; wheresoever it begins, there it ends, extend it ever so far.'

The disorder had now made such progress, that it was apprehended she would sink at an early period, under the great exhaustion and debility to which she was occasionally subject. It pleased God, however, to raise her again from time to time, from that great prostration of strength which so often threatened her immediate dissolution, so

as to prolong her life for some few weeks longer, that she might exemplify the power of his grace in all patience and long suffering. And none of those kind friends who had the privilege of witnessing her exemplary and tried patience, her great humility, and gentleness in her deep affliction, will easily lose the impression. It appeared impossible for the human will to be more in accordance with the divine will, than hers. There was still that vitality in the system that enabled her to converse cheerfully in the full vigour of all her mental powers, on the all-important subject of an eternal state. And of all the scenes that surround us in the world, where shall we find one so instructive and animating as that of the dying Christian; calmly shaking off her earthly fetters, "with hopes full of immortality" in the belief and hope, that the nearer she is to death, the nearer she is to her own country, the nearer a sight of her own land, the nearer to an end of her tempestuous voyage, and the nearer to a safe arrival in the delightful haven; and saying, 'Oh, to be safely through all these difficulties, and to be landed on Canaan's shore: Oh, to be safely through the last conflict, and in heaven, enjoying the light of God's countenance *for ever*.—"And now, Lord, *what wait I for? my hope is in thee*."'

Conversing one day on the time of her departure, and expressing her belief that it might be

nearer than was expected—the question was asked by her sister, 'Does not the thought of meeting those dear friends who are gone before you to glory, and particularly your own dear children, give you great pleasure?' The reply was, 'No! I assure you, Emma, I hardly ever think of it—the idea of seeing my Saviour absorbs every other thought.—Oh! to see him arrayed in all his majesty and glory, as having all power committed into his hands, both in heaven and earth—to be for ever with the Lord,—it is overwhelming. Oh! I cannot express to you what I feel'—then after a considerable pause, in which she seemed to be in deep meditation, she added,—"Yea, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

She observed to her sister one evening after a violent attack of spasms,—'I thought it had been all over just now.' And on being asked, whether she had any doubts or fears, at the time she thought she was seized with the convulsions of death; she replied with a sweet expressive look,—'Can I doubt my Saviour's promises? Can I doubt his unchanging love? Can I doubt the faithfulness of his word? Oh no! he has redeemed my soul to God, by the *one sacrifice* of himself on the cross. His almighty arm sustains me; of whom then, or of what should I be afraid? His promises remain sure to all generations; and he will *never* leave nor forsake those

who confide in his name—and remember, dear sister, there is the same Saviour for you. Oh! lie low at the foot of his cross, and you are safe. O yes, cling to the cross of Christ,—there only is peace; remember I tell you so now, when I am on the confines of eternity.'

On another occasion, in speaking of her distressing sufferings, under the extremity of sickness, she stopped suddenly, saying,—'But why do I talk of my sufferings? What are they to what my Saviour suffered for me? a drop in the ocean! I can truly say, that if it be the will of God, and for his glory, I should be willing to live on twenty years longer in this suffering state, yea, suffering more than I do now. Oh! there is a great pleasure in bearing what God lays upon us, and in submitting ourselves to his will; and oh, the joy of *knowing* that *our all* is appointed by a tender Father.'

After a night of no rest, and much pain, she observed, as her sister approached her bed, 'Oh, Emma, I have had such a night!' and upon grief being expressed at the sufferings she had endured, she said, 'Yes, *indeed* I have suffered much bodily pain, but I did not mean that—I have had such a night of joy, and peace, and of happiness, that I cannot tell you. I seemed to be in the actual presence of my Redeemer—to speak to him face to face. I was quite lifted above pain, almost

above the world. He gave me power to plead with him, and to pour out my whole soul to him. I never experienced any thing like it before.' But it was remarked, 'you *do* enjoy much communion and peace with God' 'Oh, yes, but this was more—I never enjoyed the Saviour's presence so before. He was present with me, he supported me—but I cannot describe it, dear sister. If the foretastes of heaven, even here, are so refreshing and delightful to the soul, what will be the reality, when we come before his presence, and see him in all the beauty and glory of his kingdom?'

It is remarkable that her mind retained its powers of reflection and composition throughout her long and severe illness, until the day of her death; and while her compositions in verse claim much poetic merit, it is the tender pious feeling which pervades the following, (as well as her other poetry,) that stamps the mark of excellence upon it.

Oh! the shadows of earth are fast fading away,
And my soul from her slumber is waking;
I see from afar, all beauteous and bright,
O'er the tops of the mountains, a gleaming of light,
The dawn of the morning is breaking.

Oh! waste not a sigh on earth's perishing joys
Regret not the scenes that are fading;
For holier and purer the light that I see,
A new world is opening its beauties to me,
As *this* from my sight is receding.

Yet, there *are* ties on earth—oh! so tender and true,
And must not tears fall as they sever?
Oh, no! tho' the knot may be loosened awhile,
Yet the tears that are falling may flow with a smile;
For heaven will renew them for ever.

Then waste not a sigh on this perishing world,
It is heaven which is opening before me;
And now, that fair light grows more beauteous and clear,
And *now*, the celestial city is near,
And *now*, all around me is glory.

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As her affectionate children surrounded her with deep sympathy, and expressed their hope, that her oppressive weariness and pain would be alleviated, she said to them, 'Perhaps you cannot understand how it is, that God thus deals with me, and that I am so greatly tried; but I can understand it,—God is teaching me *patience*. It is a hard lesson to learn, but I feel how I wanted it all; I would not be spared one hour of trial; and I am even learning to bless God for all this prolonged suffering, and for this illness so peculiarly adapted to teach me patience.'

She observed, 'I have sometimes thought, that when I approached the brink of Jordan's dark river, my sins would appear so great, and so numberless, that I should be quite overwhelmed; but I have *such* views of the grand scheme of redemption, of the wonderful atonement and all-sufficient sacrifice of the Redeemer, that the catalogue of

my iniquities, vast and dark as it is, seems but a speck in the ocean. Such is the adaptation of divine mercy in the gospel of Jesus, to all my spiritual necessities, that it exceeds all that I need and all that I can desire. None however but those who have experienced it, can conceive the *deep awfulness* of the thought, that we *are really standing on the brink of eternity*, that we shall soon see Christ as he is. Oh, "when I awake up after his likeness I shall be satisfied," for "thou, O Lord God, art the thing that I long for," in thee have I taken refuge from all sin, and care, and sorrow: and in thee my soul hath found her peace, and joy, and happiness.'

Not the rudest wind that blows,
Can endanger my repose;
Not the wildest waves that beat,
Can disturb my safe retreat.

Within the veil, within the veil,
My anchor firm is cast;
The billows may foam, and the vessel may sink,
But all will be peace at last.

The attachment of her spirit to the Redeemer was wonderful; his very name would frequently fill her eyes with tears, and overwhelm her feelings; and amidst the changing frames of mind, which every one must of course undergo when suffering a long and lingering decay of natural life, *that* name could always recal peace and rest to

her weary spirit. When her bodily exhaustion was extreme, and natural strength was too feeble to admit of much exercise of the faculties of mind, she could quietly resign herself into his tender care, believing that *he* who had *died* for her, would never leave her in her most trying moments. In fact, her simple reliance on her unseen Lord was so constant, that it can be compared to nothing, but to the full and sure reliance of an affectionate child upon a tender parent.

She would frequently refer to Ephes. i. 19, as a subject for conversation, observing, "if *such* be the *power*, (as the Apostle mentions,) that works within us, *what manner* of persons might we not be!" The degree in which her own soul was made "alive to God" by the working of this mighty power, might be exemplified by an occurrence, seemingly perhaps trivial. As her affectionate son was reading to her an account of one of the kings of Judah, when he came to a passage where it is said "that *his heart was perfect* with the Lord," she stopped him, and said, 'she could not bear it, it was *too much* for her,' and she wept. Thus did she shew the tenderness of her spirit towards the Lord her God.

Many kind friends visited her in the *chamber of affliction*, and could bear testimony to the cheerfulness with which she conversed on subjects of the deepest interest. There was no gloom *there;*

and you saw in the calm sweet expression of her countenance, the index of that solid peace, and those immortal hopes which religion had imparted to her soul. Death seemed stripped of all its terrors, and truth so prevailing in all its consolations, that it was felt good to be there. A friend says, 'I sat some time to-day with dear Mrs. West, who spoke much to me of the need of a "meetness for the inheritance of the saints, and of being new creatures in Christ Jesus," and not of mere faith, saying that she made a point with her servants and others, of pressing on their attention the work of religion, observing how necessary it was, that the principle of religion should be wrought out daily *in every thing*. She found this *so necessary*, as it was one thing to be thinking of, and talking of, the doctrines of religion; and another to *live them out;* ever bearing in mind that a living, saving faith, is an active principle.'

'Before I left, I read Rev. xxi. and xxii; and on reading xxii. 14, she spoke of the word 'right,' as not meaning our right as a claim, but our right as a gift; and during our further conversation, she expressed her belief, that the doctrines of universal redemption, and particular *salvation*, were doctrines revealed in the Scriptures; but at the same time, she cast away the doctrine of reprobation; observing that "the whole harmonious system of the gospel was a system of divine mercy, so that

the sinner who rejects the counsel of God against himself, and will not come unto him by Jesus Christ, will be left without excuse, seeing that "God will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth." 1 Tim. ii. 4., adding, to *know* how we are to be saved in Christ, is doctrine, but *to live* Christ, is religion.'

On another visit, she spoke of the education of her children, and of them with much satisfaction, which made me ask, what she thought was the reason of such failures in the education of children by their religious parents. Her remarks on my question I shall never forget: 'Take care not to use *severity*,—draw by affection and love,—do not make religion too much of a task; religion is probably much felt by children at an early period of life, and when through the further prosecution of their studies, their attention is drawn more from religious subjects; do not let it be supposed that religion has left them. Do not talk and worry children on the subject, but seize on any word and fit opportunity, and improve it, and by God's blessing you may cherish the hope, that at the age of seventeen or eighteen, religion may become a fixed principle in their minds.'

At another time, when I felt it a privilege to converse with her, as a dying Christian, she said that "as reconciled to God in Christ Jesus, she had no fear of death, that she had so meditated

upon it in the faith of her Redeemer, that she really did not wish to recover from her present severe illness, and that she should feel disappointed were this to be the case, which to all human appearance was scarcely possible. Spoke much of the Bible as a whole, testifying of Christ from the beginning to the end, expressed a deep conviction of sin, and of *nothing* in self, wherewithal to come before God." "None but Christ, none but Christ," was her repeated saying. She mentioned Legh Richmond's conversation on his death-bed with a clerical friend. 'Brother, brother, strong evidences, nothing but strong evidences will do at such an hour as this.' But said he, 'I have looked here and looked there for them; all have failed me, and so I cast myself on the sovereign, free, and full grace of God in the covenant by Christ Jesus: and there, brother, *there* I have found peace.' What struck me very forcibly, throughout her conversation was, her confidence, calmness, cheerfulness, and simple looking unto Jesus.

In the last visit which I made, she expressed much pleasure in having studied the Bible; and it was delightful to hear her speak on different parts of scripture, as they were mentioned in conversation. In speaking of the righteousness of Christ, she thought 'the righteousness *imparted*, and to be wrought out in us by the Holy Spirit, was not, generally, sufficiently dwelt upon in conjunction

with the doctrine of justification by faith. She did not like those statements which led people to suppose that correct doctrinal views were every thing. There was a putting on Christ,—a walking in Christ, to the careful maintaining of good works, equally to be insisted on. She thought it a matter of great moment, that we should at all times, and under all circumstances of our life, "have respect unto *all* the commandments of the Lord"—as it has been said, and well said, 'Be men of God every where, in public, as well as in private.' She considered it not profitable to let the mind run on questions of controversy; but esteemed it a great mercy, amidst the fluctuating opinions of the day, to be kept by the power of God, in the simplicity of the faith of the gospel. Spoke with much joy, of being soon with Christ in glory'—and it will ever remain in my recollection, the energy and kind manner, with which she said, on my leaving the room,—'*God bless you for ever.*'

It was seen by all who visited her, that she had attained very high graces of the spiritual life, that her high delight was in God her Saviour, and the infinite concerns of eternity. And who would not be willing to live a life of trial and suffering affliction, to be taught the lessons she was taught, to be conformed as she was conformed, "to *His* image, who was made perfect through suffering?"

The more weariness *here*, the oftener are we led to recline on his breast, as Herbert says,—

> ‘ That at least if *goodness* lead me not,
> Yet *weariness* may toss me to his breast.’

‘ Discipline,’ however, she observed, ‘ is necessary even to the very last; but it is only for an appointed time.’ But what a severe discipline do some need; the heaviest afflictions, even the blow of a sledge-hammer,—yet are they our greatest blessings when they lead us ‘ to a throne of grace,’ ‘ they are the files and the whet-stones,’ says Bishop Hall, ‘ that set an edge on our devotions.’

*February* came, and brought with it no relief from suffering, but rather an increased debility and languor, and a more extreme exhaustion at times than had been experienced before. In remarking on this feeling of increasing weakness, she said—‘ I think you are all deceived by my countenance, which you tell me is not so very much altered, but my end is nearer than you expect. I feel, however, that I must be weaker yet before I die. The house must be shaken a little more before it comes down.’ And as her strength further declined, she would often say with a liveliness of expression, ‘ I am not yet reduced enough,’ and seemed to welcome every increasing symptom of dissolution, as another step towards heaven. Welcome, (she said) that affliction and those

trials, although they lay us in the very dust, so that they wing our souls for their flight homewards, and teach us to *repose* all our hopes, all our sorrows, all our cares, in the bosom of eternal love.'

The following interesting conversation is mentioned by her son :—' I was sitting by the side of the bed one morning, and said to my dear mother, Do you not think, that we, each of us, have in one way or another, a *trial* given to us, such as Abraham's was to him, and that if we looked out for it, and took it, we might even get Abraham's faith? The question at once so affected her, that it brought a flood of tears. I was sorry, and felt grieved that I had put it, and felt ashamed to think that I had unwittingly caused pain to one so dear to me. I thought she was reproaching herself for some secret drawing back from such a trial. But what was my unspeakable delight, and thankfulness ; when she was able to speak, and told me her thoughts. ' Oh! my child, my child, I do think so—I think (though evidently *afraid* of saying it,) I have had such a trial—yes, when you, my child, were attacked with the small-pox at Cambridge, and were very ill, and I was not able to go to you.—Oh! who shall describe the suffering—the agony, the bitter agony of my heart, until I fell down at his feet and said, O Lord, *take him*,—take my Isaac! and then after I had fully given you up, I was peaceful and calm.'

It is thus seen, that the power and effect of the principle of faith, was strongly manifested after the like example of Abraham, in humble resignation, and child-like dependence on the will of God. The son was restored for the encouragement of that faith which worketh by love, and to gladden the heart of the tried and affectionate parent. When God confers grace on any one in a distinguished manner, there can be no doubt but that *that* grace will be tried; yet shall the afflicted "joy in the Lord, and rejoice in the God of their salvation."

She was much comforted by the following letter, from a kind and greatly-esteemed friend. 'As you have been so long afflicted, and long illness must wear us out at last, I think it but due to our long friendship and fellowship in the gospel, to avail myself of what little time may remain in the flesh, to offer one or two suggestions, which under God, may be the means of confirming your hopes, (were this necessary,) in our common Saviour, now I trust becoming every day more precious, as we are drawing nearer to our end. When we look back on life with all its variety of events, how truly does it appear a discipline to sever our hearts from the world, and to fix them in heaven? In our earliest childhood, what are all our tears and miseries, but hints and habits of sorrow; showing the true character of life, and declaring

from the bitter experience of every day, that happiness is not in childhood? Is it then in boyhood or in youth? No, each condition is referring itself to future satisfaction in the condition above it, and it is only as we find God to be our rest, that we have any idea what satisfaction means. Oh! how blessed the hour then, when it pleases God to reveal his Son in us. I know no one topic of such real gratitude, and such deep feeling of praise to our heavenly Father, as the reflection that from early life I have known the true God in Christ, and thus have not only been saved from a repetition of the sins of my former life, but have since that time been admitted into so much positive happiness; still I see, and I have seen it since that time more clearly, that my life has been a life of discipline; to wean me from the world, and to prepare me for heaven. I have been running my own peculiar race which has been set before me. I have had therein to pass through the same valley of suffering with those most dear to me, together with such ordinary losses, as we cannot pass through this world without; to many sufferings of this character, you have had also to pass through a long and weary journey of ill health, which is gradually, I hear, bringing you down to the grave, the end of all your labours. And do you, my dear friend, now see that all your sufferings have been but a tissue of mercy to prepare you for a better

world? Do you see the machinery which God has constructed in all your various experience for this purpose? how harmoniously you have had sorrow and joy, depression and support—each in its alternation maturing you for glory: and like the fruit exposed to the varieties of the weather, all tending to ripen it into richer flavor,—so all things are working together for good in the purposes of saving mercy. How rich an exhibition of divine wisdom and love will be presented to our contemplation hereafter, when we think of the variety of dispensations which have been ordained for us respectively; and that while our election has been in a Saviour, every tear and pain has been ordered in Him also. Long illness is not without its peculiar advantage: the spirits of some of us require to be kept under habitual depression; and as a large portion of Christian excellence consists of the passive graces,—indeed it may be said the largest portion,—it does seem, that that condition of suffering is necessary, by which "tribulation is to work patience; patience, experience; and experience, hope," &c. And it is not a little remarkable, that when St. Peter proposes to us the character of Christ as an example, it is as a *suffering* Saviour that he is so proposed. May we, my dear friend, cheerfully and resolutely follow his steps, and doubtless, in due time we shall reap, if we faint not.

'Let us comfort one another also with the reflection, that happen what will to us to complete our probation,—"the night is far spent, the day is at hand;"—under its brightest scenes of bliss, life after all, has overshadowed them with much of the gloom of night, and what remains is only as the remnant of declining day; and while on account of our families, and of the Church, we may well desire to remain, and both to bear and do what the will of God may yet have in store for us on earth; yet it is pleasant to keep our eye mainly fixed on those everlasting hills, where faith beholds the Sun of righteousness rising in peerless majesty, with full healing in his wings; where faith shall be exchanged for a vision, which can never know assault or interruption more. Let us stand then on the Pisgah of faith, and survey the whole land before us, and daily grow in knowledge and enjoyment of that love of the Father, from which our salvation flows—that grace of the Son in and by which it is wrought both for us, and in us,—and that blessed communion of the Spirit which familiarizes us with views and thoughts of heaven. To God's gracious care and love I commit you, my dear friend, and with every blessing may you continue your course, till grace is consummated in glory.'

She was much distressed with an almost incessant sickness at this period, which was peculiarly

trying to her very weak frame, so that she would occasionally say, 'Oh! when will the *work be perfected!*—the means my heavenly Father sees it necessary to use, in *very faithfulness*, are so very painful, that I can but daily lay my soul, all suffering as it is, in the dust before him, with this feeling—Do what thou wilt, O Lord, so thou save my soul at last. Oh! it cannot be long,'—

'The storms of life must soon be past,
The evening shadows cannot last,
And all beyond is heaven.'

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Lord of hosts! and King of kings!
Hide, oh, hide beneath thy wings,
One, whose only hope thou art,
Sole refuge of my aching heart.

From thy azure throne on high,
In the realms beyond the sky,
See, oh! see my soul's distress,
In this weary wilderness.

Weary of this world of sin,
Weary of this strife within,
Oh! my God! I fly to thee,
Thou can'st save a worm like me.

Oh! I long, I sigh for rest,
Take, oh! take me to thy breast
Let me here no longer roam,
Heavenly Father take me home.

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'Oh!' she would sometimes say, 'it is weary, weary work—sometimes there is a rising irritable feeling—sometimes a coming fear—sometimes I am almost overwhelmed with a thousand, thousand feelings which I cannot describe; then again, *all*, yes, *all* subsides into a peaceful calm, so still, so sweet. Father, *thy will be done.* Oh! I wish for nothing besides; I cannot now bear the least exertion, without an immediate faintness coming on, which is new to me, and my pulse, I am told, is sadly more feeble.'

Oh! I long to be free from pain,
From sorrow, and suffering, and sin;
To take my flight,
To yon realms of light,
Where all is pure, and all is bright,
And even man's heart is clean.

I long to be gone,
To those worlds unknown,
Where Jesus dwells on his azure throne;
My sins forgiven,
His smile, my heaven,
My spirit His, and *His* alone.

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Although her daily conversation at this time did not seem to indicate that she apprehended *immediate* death, yet she felt it more sensibly approaching; and with an expression of interest, she enquired of me one morning very particularly 'when Easter would fall;'—and when told, she

said—'I have a strong presentiment that I shall die at that time. The 22nd of March, (she added) is my birth-day, and I shall then be fifty years of age.' She contemplated this period as the latest, when she should be put into the possession of that inheritance, the *earnest* of which she had so long enjoyed, not merely as a pledge, but as a part of the possession—and indeed it was plain to all, that heaven had already begun in her soul. The pressure of disease still weighed down the spirit at times; but at intervals of alleviation, the spirit would rise to the employment of praise and joy, and the heavenly words would be uttered—'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.' It was like a cork forcibly kept under water; take the pressure off, and immediately it rises. She had learnt the tunes, and nothing was wanting but the putting off of this body of sin and death, to burst out into the harmony of heaven. In her own words, 'the death of the body was but the death of all suffering and sorrow,'—and the body being laid aside, she was ready to join the song of the redeemed, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Rev. v. 12, 13.

But, Christian reader, how painfully humbling to reflect on the little progress that may have been made by us towards that eminence of faith and holiness, which she reached (through looking unto Him who "was made perfect through suffering,")

in her way to the kingdom of heaven. O may her bright example further stimulate and encourage us in the faith of the same Gospel; and may the consolations which abounded in her by Christ Jesus, abound in us also. What was it but a life of frequent suffering, that taught her so much? What was it that made all the unseen and glorious realities of an eternal world so visible to her soul? What, but affliction after affliction cutting the tenderest ties, which her most tender feelings were susceptible of! It was *then* that Jesus Christ revealed himself to her in the power of His word; so that in the desolation of her heart she was glad, and rejoiced in His name. Though we do not pray for sufferings, yet, let us at least, earnestly pray that the soul's afflictions as they befal us, may be so sanctified, that we may have the *like precious faith*, and "*grow in grace*," and in the knowledge of the gospel.

On going to her bed-side one morning, she said, (having had a night of increasing pain and suffering,) 'I have had, oh! *such* a night as I never had before—but I have been wonderfully supported, I have been *above it all*. *He* has been to me all through life, faithfulness and truth; but oh! how have I returned it with sin and ingratitude.' It was mentioned, remember the whole bearing of the 43rd chapter of Isaiah—"I, even I am He that blotteth out thy transgressions *for mine own*

*sake*, and will not remember thy sins." Her remark was, 'yes, that is *just it*.'

At another time, she said most solemnly. 'Oh! *I cannot tell you* the happiness I feel in being ready to meet my Saviour—it occupies all my thoughts. I have been so led to realize His presence, that I have as it were talked with Him. He gives me power to plead with Him, and I have been quite as out of the world—as one of them above—

'All light and love before me.'

Praise is the only employment left for me now; I can only add together,—my adorable, great, and glorious Redeemer—the only light of my life—the only hope of my heart—my rock—my refuge—my hiding-place—my all in all. Do get Augustine's Meditations and help me, for words fail me, in expressing what I feel, in the joy and gladness of my heart.

'How is it possible,' she observed, 'for one, whom He has taught to love Him—on whose word He has caused me to put all my trust, to perish at the last? He will never let me be taken captive out of his hands, to be made the sport of devils! Oh, no! it can *never*, *never* be.'

'Can a soul he bids be free
Return to bondage? Never!'

"Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good

pleasure to give you the kingdom." 'Believe this, when the buoyancy of youth is over, and you think you *have* done, and *can* do nothing for your Saviour. The christian is sometimes apt to despise too much his own services, but Jesus Christ takes more notice of them, than he may be willing to think. Can a cup of cold water be given to Him, without His acknowledging it?'

She took particular pleasure in the cxxxth Psalm, and in speaking of other parts of scripture on which her mind delighted to dwell. She was fond of looking upon the whole gospel plan of salvation, as *one grand system of divine mercy*, made known to the patriarchs and prophets, by promise, and shadowed forth through various types and ceremonies, till the light of the full orb of day shone upon the world; and the great mystery of our redemption, which was founded in prophecy, was confirmed by miracles in the person of Jesus Christ. She much admired those views which Mr. Simeon expressed on his death-bed, and made the remark, 'they are exactly my own, and are a great comfort to me, now that I am drawing nigh to my grave.' 'It is to the principles (said this aged dying minister of the Lord Jesus,) that I look; —it is on the broad grand principles of the gospel that I repose;—it is not on any particular promise, here or there, any little portion of the word in which some people seem to take comfort, but I

wish to look to the *grand whole*—at the vast scheme of redemption, as from eternity to eternity. I wish to point out this peculiarity in my case. I am not solicitous so much about this feeling or that—this state or that, as upon keeping before me the grand purposes of Jehovah from eternity to eternity! in taking the grand revelation of himself which God has given us—*then*, I rest upon Him, and not upon myself. I do not depend on feelings and thoughts which are changing and uncertain, but I am kept by Him who changes not! For, after all, what are a man's best prayers and thoughts before Him? It cannot depend upon a few poor, broken, puling words—nor do I depend upon them—but again I say—*I take the glorious and majestic discoveries which God has made to me of himself, and there I rest.*'

In a day of much weariness and pain, she remarked—' Where can the dying eye fix itself, but on the cross of a crucified suffering Saviour? *There*, I would ever look, and I am greatly comforted with the thought that in Christ we die—with Him we are buried—and shall be raised again from the bed of the dust, so as hereafter to be glorified with Him in the kingdom of heaven. Oh! my soul, let patience have its perfect work; and after a few more revolutions of the earth, all will be well.'

'O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control,
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst its chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.'

Conversing with me one morning about her death, she said, 'I feel an unusual degree of exhaustion about me; and as my strength seems now to be fast declining, I wish to speak to you about some few little things which I wish attended to when I die.' Then, with the greatest calmness and composure she mentioned them, and the way in which she wished some few articles to be distributed among our dear children, and in the family. At the same time, taking a mourning ring from her finger, and placing it on my own, she requested that it might be worn as a memorial of those children who had died, and who had been so entwined in affection around her heart. Perceiving me affected unto tears, she said with much self-possession, and with her own peculiar sweet expression of countenance, 'Well, I perceive that you cannot bear this now—but I do not like to put off saying everything till the very last.'

When relieved a little from the pressure of bodily suffering and languor, she often surprised her friends by the liveliness of her conversation. She

would not hear of doubts and darkness, so as to be dwelt upon; but would speak with such animation of the vital power of faith, and of the ever-cheering, sure and certain hope of the gospel of Christ, that a christian friend, whom she much esteemed, said, that 'it was impossible to hear her converse with the interest and delight that she did on the subject of religion, without being warmed by the sunshine of her bright christian character.'

It pleased God, that she should still enjoy the full possession of all her mental faculties. She continued to write verses, on those subjects which were a never-failing source of consolation, peace and joy to her mind; and she manifested through Divine grace, a wonderful combination of humility and joy, as she drew nearer and nearer to the time when the pilgrimage of her life was to terminate.

Oh, look intently forward,
  Over this stormy sea,
Beyond those raging billows foam
  And tell me what you see.

I see a beauteous light,
  And ever as I watch,
Darting across the distant heaven,
  Its glorious rays I catch.

Oh welcome, welcome news, he said,
  Long has this aching sight,
Watched for the first faint glimmering
  Of that celestial light.

But look again and tell me,
For high these billows rise,
My fragile bark is sinking fast,
What sight now meets thine eyes?

No transient gleamings now,
But a stedfast glorious light,
Shining in splendid peacefulness,
Meets my enraptured sight.

Arise, poor weary voyager,
And cast away the oar,
Thy vessel is midst breakers now,
But thou near'st a glorious shore.

That wearied voyager started up,
For the pilot-boat was come,
Oh, dost thou not know, where thou art, my child?
My God!—Oh, it is my home!

My long, long looked-for home, he said,
And he shouted, Victory;
And lightly they passed those breakers among
And now he has joined that heavenly song,
Glory to God on high.

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On entering the chamber, at a time when she was suffering much pain, and expressing a wish that something might be done to alleviate her present sufferings, she said with calm resignation,—'*The clock can tick but once*'—alluding to an admirable little tract, in which the pendulum of a clock is personified, for the purpose of proving, that our heavenly Father does not lay upon us in any one moment, a greater portion of suffering

than he enables us to bear in that moment. The pendulum has to make 'eighty-six thousand four hundred vibrations,' or, a clock has to make so many ticks in a day. If it were directed to execute all these at once, it might justly complain; but it should be remembered that the pendulum is required to vibrate, or the clock to tick *but once in a second;* so that an ample space of time is given for the eighty-six thousand four hundred vibrations in the twenty-four hours, without hurry, impatience or fatigue. 'If we had to walk a hundred miles, we should still have to set but one step at a time, and this process continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.'

'Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toils, to endure all its sufferings, or to encounter all its crosses *at once.* One moment comes, laden with its own little burdens, then flies, and is succeeded by another, no heavier than the last; if *one* could be borne, so can another and another. Even in looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labours, the trials to temper and patience, that may be expected; now this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand mo-

ments upon *one;* sufficient unto the *moment* is the trouble thereof.'

'I have lived to see, (she remarked) and feel, that *vanity* pervades every thing but *eternity.* There are moments when one is weary of every thing, weary of life, weary of the world, weary even of enjoyment, weary of sorrow, sin, and suffering, weary of fine ideas, or fine prospects, or beauty of scenery; weary of the sublime, weary of sentimentality, weary of all speculative fancies in religion, weary of new things in religion, or new doctrines, weary of every thing but "*Jesus Christ and him crucified,*" "*the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,*" the sinner's friend, the sinner's refuge, the sinner's eternal portion of happiness. Oh, I cannot tell you how many times in the day, and during the hours of night, I repeat *that one name, Jesus;* it seems to soothe every pain, to calm every restless thought, to quiet all anxiety, to raise my whole heart at once from earth to heaven. I am indeed willing to die as a pardoned sinner at the foot of his cross.'

I saw her much affected one morning on going into the room; and as she wept, she told me, how much joy and comfort she had had in hearing her affectionate son pray by her bed-side, with his two dear sisters. 'The scene (she added,) was almost too much for me—it well nigh overwhelmed me with joy and gratitude, I have scarcely recovered it yet.'

*March.*—It was evident that the impression was still on her mind, that she should not survive this month; and when she saw that the idea which she entertained, of her death being actually as near as her birth-day, affected us, she would say, "Why do you weep? Why not rather rejoice? For why should you wish me to continue here, in the suffering affliction which I have to undergo?"

'I was reading to my dear Mother, one Sunday evening,' (said her affectionate daughter,) 'The last days of *Gonthier*,' when she said, "Oh my child, prepare for such a scene. I feel that my death must now be *very* soon, but like him I can say, 'Jesus is my all, my portion for eternity, my exceeding great reward.' Oh, his *name* alone supports me, I need nothing else, may we meet at his right hand; but for this thought, the separation that will soon take place, would indeed be painful to me. I would that I might take you with me; but a few years, my child, will soon be past. Jesus has led me through the wilderness, and I feel persuaded that he will lead you through also. Earth is a dreary, dreary place: no home for *us* on its cold bleak shores; *our* home is on high; *there*, when time's short day of sorrow and suffering is over, we shall meet, I trust, and be together for ever and ever."

'I know (said she,) that the days are coming in

which I shall have no power of myself any longer, to *keep hold upon him:* then he must hold me himself entirely. I must then lean back, like a helpless infant, into his arms, and he must support me."

My Saviour, my Saviour, I fly to thine arms,
Oh, shield me, protect me, subdue mine alarms;
When fearful and trembling, and weak and distrest,
My Saviour, my Saviour, I fly to thy breast.

Oh, stretch out thine arms, as to Peter of old,
When sinking amidst the wild billows that rolled;
Like him I shall stand all unhurt on the wave,
Be thou, Lord, but near me, and mighty to save.

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On feeling worse than usual one morning, (the disease appearing to affect her face,) she said, 'that she could not help shedding a flood of tears, to think the change *really* was *near*.'

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Oh, when shall I close these eyes
Upon sorrow, and sickness, and pain,
Oh, when shall this aching head lay down
And never ache again.

Oh, when shall the last *last* tear
Have been shed over human woes,
Oh, when shall the last wild throb be hushed
In *eternal deep repose*.

Oh, when shall this beating heart
Be as pure and as still, for ever
As the sea of glass before the throne,
And beat again—ah, never.

Oh, that hour is hastening on
In its deep awfulness ;
My soul, thou must soon be gone
To far other worlds than this.

Oh, in that hour of helplessness,
My God, when I turn to thee ;
When heart, and flesh, and strength shall fail,
And human love be of no avail,
*Then*, be *Thou* all to me.

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She rested so fearlessly on her Saviour, that I never saw, or heard her express any nervous shrinking at dying. On the contrary, as she approached nearer and nearer to death and the grave, they appeared more and more inviting to her ; she could say, with the appropriating faith of Job, "I know that *my* Redeemer liveth," or, in the full triumph of faith, exclaim with St. Paul, "O death, where is thy string ? O grave, where is thy victory ? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law ; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. xv. 55—57.

She wrote on her bed, a few lines at a time, the following Note to her sister Mrs. N. who had returned to her family, after a visit to Chettle.

Dearest, dearest Sister,

In this way I must once more hold a little converse with you. Dear sister, your visit and soothing affection was every thing to me, but not good for me to have *always;* no! no! my soul, wait thou *only* upon God. God is our Alpha and Omega, so indeed ought he to be; and not until he is, shall our souls be calm. Oh, *then,* who can tell the *peace?* Caroline, my dear sister, spring is at hand, with all its freshness and beauty, green, and young, and gay, just as it used to be, when some thirty years ago, it just called into existence in our young hearts, a thousand, thousand feelings, as enchanting and fresh as itself. Oh, a thrill goes through me yet, when I remember *all, all* are gone—but oh! what remains? Soon, when you walk out with your children, you will be able to look up and gaze into the deep blue sky—*then think of me, that* is, *of eternity,—pure,* and *still,* and *deep,* as calm as the sea of glass before the throne.

Dear sister, what is our life? What should it be? *A resurrection life*—just dwell on these thoughts—"*crucified with Christ, buried, ascended with him, in heart and mind dwelling with*

*him,*" *not now* looking *up* to heaven from earth, but looking *down* from our high resting-place upon *all here*. How does it look?

Dear Caroline, a morning of renewed mercies; to-morrow the physician will again kindly see me; well, dear sister, this will all soon end. Oh! my Father, thou knowest *when*, and that is enough for thy poor child.

'Caroline, this is a sweet calm Sabbath-day,—is your mind calm? Are your thoughts in heaven? The imaginings of your heart, are they mingling with eternity? Oh, let us enter more within the veil, and *there abide*. God bless you with all a Father's blessing, and all yours.

Ever, ever your own,
H. W.'

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It was evident she could not long survive; and being one day removed to the sofa, she calmly repeated those beautiful verses out of the *Sabbath Harp*.

'*O thou God*, who hearest prayer,
Every hour, and every where!
Listen to my feeble breath,
Now I touch the gates of death:
For his sake, whose blood I plead,
Hear me in my hour of need.

Hear and save me, gracious Lord,
For my trust is in thy word;

Wash me from the stain of sin,
That thy peace may rule within;
May I know myself, thy child,
Ransom'd, pardon'd, reconciled.

Dearest Lord, may I so much,
As thy garment's hem but touch;
Or, but raise my languid eye,
To the cross where thou didst die;
It shall make my spirit whole,
It shall heal, and save my soul.

Thou art merciful to save!
Thou hast snatch'd me from the grave!
I would kiss the chastening rod,
O my Father and my God!
Only hide not thou thy face,
God of all-sufficient grace!

Leave me not, my strength, my trust!
Oh! remember, I am dust!
Leave me not again to stray,
Leave me not the tempter's prey:
Fix my heart on things above;
Make me happy in thy love.'

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The whole tendency of her thoughts was towards the change that was now fast approaching; and she often expressed a favorite idea, that, as the soles of her feet touched the waters of Jordan, a way would be made for her to pass through, by Him who has promised "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Heb. xiii. 5. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;

and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee,"' &c. Isaiah xliii. 2; and so strongly was her mind impressed with the employment and happiness of heaven, that about a fortnight before her death, she related the following circumstance:—'It appeared to me that I had just arrived in the eternal world; the countless multitudes before the throne were just assembled for songs of praise;—an angel alighted close by me with a golden harp in his hand,—the song of the redeemed now resounded through the glorious heaven—I was almost afraid to lift up my head. The angel said, 'take this harp and join in the song.'—I said—'Oh! *how* shall *I* join? I am not worthy.' The angel said—'Who said a word about *that?*' and at that instant, the song had arrived at the words, (and they rang full upon my ear,) '*worthy is the Lamb*'—so I joined—'*worthy is the Lamb*'—and all was lost in that '*worthy is the Lamb*'—"Blessing and honour, and glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."'

Some few days afterwards, she said to me, 'There appears such a light beaming upon my soul, and I have such ecstacy of joy, that it seems to me really wonderful. It cannot (she added,) be any imaginary dream, or delusion;' and on my saying, that 'there could be no more

delusion in it than the light of the sun was a delusion ;' she exclaimed—' Oh, no ! I know in whom I have believed; and I have so felt the divine presence with me—comforting me, and supporting me, during the sleepless hours of the night, that I could scarcely refrain from shouting hallelujah ! hallelujah ! to my Redeemer.'

' I had left the parsonage, (said her affectionate son,) under an engagement, to do some ministerial duty, and having been necessarily absent for more than a day, I approached the house, on my return, with a half fearful heart; (not knowing what might have happened,) and as I drew near the door, I heard to my great surprise, the most lively tunes playing on the piano ; well, thought I, surely my dear sister is not so inconsiderate as this : but going up stairs, my dear mother told me, that ' being a little relieved from the continual sickness, her whole heart and soul had been able to rise in praise and joy, so much so, that she had hardly been able to keep from expressing, with all the powers of her voice, all the morning, her praise and thanksgiving to the Saviour : so after a little time, she had sent my sister to play some tunes suitable to her joyful feelings for her to hear.' '

Our surprise was, not that her mental, but her corporeal energy, was equal to such an effort as to compose the following verses, so near to her death.—

The damp dews of death are about me this morning,
The grave is preparing its quiet for me;
But the glories of heaven around me are dawning.
The King in his beauty, how soon shall I see.

For the land which is very far off, I am bound,
Then why should my footsteps be lingering here?
I see the bright track, and the glory around,
Then welcome the grave, and the death which is near.

'Twill be but the death of all suffering and sorrow,
'Twill be but the death of a body of sin;
Oh! the sun never shone on so bright a to-morrow,
As that which shall welcome my spirit within,—

Within the dark veil which mortality shrouds
From the glories and joys of Immanuel's reign;
Oh! that moment *will* come, and the veil of the flesh
Shall be rent from the top to the bottom again.

It is near! it is near! I feel the veil rending,
The King in his beauty, how soon shall I see;
My soul is already in praises ascending,
My God is preparing a mansion for me.

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She continued in a calm, blessed tranquillity of mind, and spoke of leaving her family, the last and strongest tie that bound her affections to earth, with great resignation. 'Oh! rejoice! rejoice! (she said,) *all* of you rejoice! that I am now hastening to the close of my life—If you really love me, you cannot wish such a state as mine, of suffering and pain, to be prolonged.—My Saviour has made such a manifestation of

himself to my soul, that *in near communion with Him*, I find, that he is more to me, than husband, children, or the dearest friends I have upon the earth.'

It was a pleasing satisfaction to reflect, that every practicable means were used in the hope of prolonging a life so dear—so valuable to the family—but it was not in the power of medicine, nor could the physician's skill, effect this. It was the will of God that it should be otherwise; and the event called for silent submission to Him who has said—" Be still, and know that I am God."

On the 21st of March, when suffering from great restlessness and weariness, the suggestion was made, " Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," she replied—' Yes, *I know it all*, but I cannot think now.' And when asked if we should all kneel around her bed, and pray, she said—' No, I cannot bear it now.'—Then after a minute's pause, she added—' but that does not distress me, I know, I feel I am safe—God my Saviour is all faithfulness and truth.'

She said to her affectionate daughters on the night of her birth-day, (the 22nd.) as she put her arms fondly round them—' perhaps I may not live through the night.—Well, my children, if you love me, rejoice! rejoice! for me. Now, good night—God bless you.'

March the 23rd.—' The damp dews of death '

stood on her forehead, and it was a day of much suffering; yet her mind was clear and collected. Towards evening, she said, 'It cannot be long now—*all, all is peace;*' and those who took the *last* farewell, will ever remember, the great solemnity, and heavenly expression of countenance, with which she said—'*God bless you, and bless you for ever and ever.*'

About ten o'clock on the same evening, the spirit fled—the warfare was accomplished—*then*, she joined that society around the throne, where the question is asked—"What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.—Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat: for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii. 13—17.

Christian reader, I have endeavoured to pourtray the character of the subject of this memoir faithfully; nothing has been written in unmeaning

panegyric, or with exaggeration. The narrative of her Christian life and experience, has been simply told. She has finished her course—she is gone to 'deck her Saviour's mediatorial crown' —a jewel formed and polished by his own divine hand, for this glorious purpose. May we follow her bright example, as she followed her Saviour's; holding fast the assurance of faith, even unto the end—that at the last our end may be like hers.

"SHE IS NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPETH."

THE END.

L. AND G. SEELEY, PRINTERS, THAMES DITTON, SURREY.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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A BRIEF MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM B * * *

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